The Nat[illegible]

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EDITORIAL

HEART FAILURE

There seem to be two Democratic Parties walking around these days—the traditional "party with a heart" and the other party, which had a calculator transplant. Speaking for the latter, domestic policy adviser Stuart Eizenstat told the Woman's National Democratic Club that while the party would "continue to build on the traditional beliefs and commitments and continue to extend hope to those in need," it must "adjust to present realities and not rigidly cling to past memories. . ."—a polite way of saying that the party must ride the wave of the future—Herbert Hooverism.

There was good news in the report that Administration inflation-fighters have decided to drop their plan to defer the 7 percent increase in the minimum wage scheduled for next year. The bad news is that they even considered it, since the minimum wage is surely one of those "traditional beliefs and commitments" and the inflationary impact of the increase negligible.

Meanwhile, Commerce Secretary Juanita Kreps was reporting to the President, in a letter obtained by *The Nation*, that some preliminary jawboning in behalf of the anti-inflation program by means of letters from heads of trade associations to their memberships had elicited a heartwarming response; however, "the continued support of the business sector will be strongly influenced by Administration actions to reduce inflationary pressures which stem from government policies." As John Tirman pointed out here two issues ago, the Government policies business considers inflationary pressures are health and safety regulations. Kreps's jawbone was turned into a back-scratcher. She is all heart, though, when it comes to business.

IRANIAN BABEL
Frances FitzGerald

INTELLIGENCE FAILURES
Norman Birnbaum

CLEVELAND STORY
Fred Branfman

AUTHORS AS JOURNALISTS
Richard Harris

RAPE AT HOME
Aryeh Neier

MORE ON CARTER'S JUDGES

'HELPING' LABOR

THE RIGHT-TO-WORK LOBBY

ZACHARY SKLAR

If you didn't know all the facts, Peggie Ann King's story would indeed be alarming. Back in 1975 she was a 29-year-old black mother of two, working hard in a kitchen at Fort Monroe, Virginia. Suddenly, she was faced with an ultimatum: join Laborers' Local 572 or get canned.

According to an ad paid for by the National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation (N.R.W.L.D.F.), a legal aid group that brought a lawsuit on her behalf, she "got the full treatment—ostracism, vile language, all the tricks bullies use wherever they are—in Russia or America." Ms. King refused to join the union, and she was fired "with no questions asked."

What the ad neglects to mention, of course, is that Peggie Ann King was a "free rider." She was willing to accept wages, fringe benefits and employment conditions won by the union, but she was not willing to join it or pay her fair share of its expenses for collective bargaining and for political activity. The ad does describe Ms. King's contention that Virginia's right-to-work law, which makes all union membership voluntary, applies to a Federal military base like Fort Monroe. What it fails to disclose is that the courts thoroughly repudiated this argument.

These facts aside, the ad still makes its point. "Peggie Ann King is a blue-collar worker who now questions the excessive power of big labor," it says. Get the message? "Big labor" is taking advantage of this poor, downtrodden, black mother. It is

(Continued on Page 49)

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LETTERS.

ANTI-ABORTION A VIOLATION?

Hempstead, N.Y.

I deeply admire Aryeh Neier; in fact, when I was dean of Hofstra Law School, I was privileged to confer an honorary degree of Doctor of Laws upon him. Also, I have been for many years a public advocate of both the right to abortion and the separation of church and state.

Nevertheless, I find utterly preposterous Neier's contention that anti-abortion legislation violates the First Amendment ["Theology and the Constitution," *The Nation*, Dec. 30]. As Neier acknowledges, the First Amendment argument can succeed only upon a showing that the law has no secular legislative purpose. His contention ultimately rests, therefore, on the proposition that the law lacks a valid secular purpose because a fetus is not a "human life." That, of course, is the most obvious of non sequiturs. It makes sense only if we accept, as a major premise, that the only valid legislative purpose is the protection of human life.

Let me illustrate the point this way. About two decades ago, in a debate in support of woman's right to choose an abortion, I outraged my adversary by pointing out that a fetus in the early stages is, biologically, a fish. Assume with me for a moment that a fetus is nothing more than a fish. Does that mean that Congress could not constitutionally legislate to protect it? Of course not. On the contrary, Congress has enacted valid legislation to protect not only whales but snail darters.

I do not mean that I agree with the legislative judgment that the survival of a fetus is more important than the right of a woman to control her own body. Nor do I consider the anti-abortion legislation to be constitutional. It violates due process and equal protection, and on those grounds it should be struck down. The legislation does not, however, violate the First Amendment, and it is embarrassing to find the A.C.L.U. arguing that it does. Indeed, according to *The New York Times*, a witness presented by the A.C.L.U. testified that the church has no right "to use church publications and facilities against candidates to make [its views] a law for others." To the best of my knowledge, A.C.L.U. has never taken a position so repugnant to First Amendment principles, except in the context of this anti-abortion litigation. Moreover, I do not believe that the A.C.L.U. National Board has ever approved such a position—certainly that position has never received the attention and debate by the board that it deserves.

It is true that the principal centers of anti-abortion agitation have been churches, that many prominent leaders of the right to life movements are religious leaders, and that religious and moral reasons are frequently given for opposing abortion. That, however, does not make resulting legislation a violation of the separation of the church and state. If it did, legislation resulting from the civil rights movement in the 1960s would be vulnerable on precisely the same grounds. Consider the leadership of the Reverends Martin Luther King, Jesse Jackson, Ralph Abernathy, and other religious figures, and the crucial role of Southern churches as centers of organization and inspiration.

In short, the notion that anti-abortion legislation violates the First Amendment is not just wrong, but absurd—so much so that it is hardly surprising that such contentions are perceived by some as revealing an anti-Catholic bias.

Monroe H. Freedman
Professor of Law,
Hofstra University

New York City

Monroe Freedman's illustration helps make my point. Assume the existence of a religious society, Porgyism, which venerates fish and which secures the passage of an anti-abortion law in order to preserve the fetus in its fish stage. The first question to ask in determining whether the law serves the valid secular purpose of conserving fish is whether the fetus is a fish. If that view is not generally shared and it is discovered to be grounded exclusively in the doctrines of Porgyism, the law should be susceptible to attack as a violation of the First Amendment's prohibition of laws respecting an establishment of religion.

I do not mean to be frivolous in the way I have made use of Freedman's illustration. In my article I examined the secular purposes that might be seriously attributed to the anti-abortion law challenged in *McRae* and demonstrated, I hope, that none of them could possibly be intended by Congress. The purpose, as the law's supporters readily acknowledge, is the preservation of actual human life—which is the way their faith teaches them to regard the fetus from the moment of conception. Freedman would have answered my article effectively if he had been able to come up with a real, not imaginary, valid secular purpose served by the law. But since the best that even so able an advocate could do was to speculate that the purpose might be analogous to saving whales or snail darters—and I hardly think he believes that to be the case—I take his letter to reinforce my argument.

As to the statement by a witness to which Freedman refers, its author described it as a purely personal opinion. The opinion was not elicited by the A.C.L.U. or the Center for Constitutional Rights or the Planned Parenthood Federation who have joined with the A.C.L.U. in bringing the *McRae* case. The personal opinion of that witness is explicitly opposed by the A.C.L.U. in the *McRae* brief which describes the activities of the Catholic Church and its sympathizers in expressing their views as "constitutionally protected" even when the result is unconstitutional legislation.

Aryeh Neier

Greeley, Colo.

. . . It is my impression that the "right to life" people were not generally so deeply concerned about the killing of thousands of "innocent inconvenient" human beings in Vietnam—including old men and women, young men and women, children, infants, lactating mothers and, no doubt, hundreds of fetuses. Ninety percent or more of these deaths were due to United States military action; the United States used 450 times the firepower of "the enemy." But I heard no protest from the 'right to life" groups. *Clifford M. Turner*

Further letters on Neier's editorial will appear in a future issue.

—The Editors

COGENT FEIFFER

Southbury, Conn.

Jules Feiffer's cogent comments ["Exorcising the Nixon Within Us," *The Nation*, Dec. 30] about the mean-spirited Nixonism that still lurks in the hearts and minds of too many well-intentioned do-nothings among us sorely needed saying. His stirring tribute to the high civility of Carey McWilliams as a literate gadfly in no way detracted from his intention to direct scathing fire at the mounting incivilities to language and hypocrisies toward minorities that permeate our society. . . . *Jack Fields*

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EDITORIALS.

Fallen Domino

The United States can only wring its hands—not wash them of its share of the responsibility—over the new horrors of Indochina. This does not mean to suggest a national orgy of self-accusation, for there are many other historical and strategic elements in the current situation there. But it might be instructive and even therapeutic to look back on some of the fantasies about that part of the world—fantasies in which our Government persisted for a whole generation.

First, a glance at the present impasse and some of the reasons for the paralysis affecting the major powers in that region. They are exemplified in the sudden emergence from the shadows of Prince Norodom Sihanouk at the moment of his country's defeat at the hands of Vietnam and the dissident Khmers known as F.U.N.S.K. (from the French *Front Uni de Salut National du Kampuchea*).

Sihanouk, after steering a brilliantly evasive course of neutrality for years, was overthrown in 1970 by Lon Nol, the feckless general who became "our man in Cambodia." Since then the Prince has been in external and then internal exile, first in Peking and, after the Communists led by the ultra-radical Pol Pot took over in the general collapse of Indochina in 1975, back in his own land, living in cloistered obscurity. In this time of extremity he has been brought forward to represent his country, whose very name has been changed, before a United Nations that can do little to change the course of events in Indochina.

Lyndon Johnson and Nixon/Kissinger, particularly, never could abide Sihanouk and his neutralism. They thought, and acted as if, he should be an upstanding member of the Free World, globally anti-Communist to his royal core. The fact that Cambodia had one-seventh of the population of its aggressive Vietnamese neighbors to the east and that it could do little to prevent them from using his country as that famous "sanctuary" cut no ice with them. So he had to go, with a shove and a wink from Washington. There followed that most deceptive of all Nixon/Kissinger's operations, the Cambodian "incursion" of May 1970—the one that provoked the national protest leading to the Kent State killings and which, said Nixon, proved

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that the United States was not "a pitiful, helpless giant."

As these practitioners of *Realpolitik* should have known, this operation proved the exact opposite. American policy was shown to be morally pitiless and strategically both pitiful and helpless. So much for the fake virility of the Nixon/Kissinger era. Sihanouk wrote about his defeat in a book, *My War With the C.I.A.*

At this point it is worth recalling that it looked for a while as if the United States might retain some influence in Indochina, even as our wretched clients in Saigon were getting ready to topple from their own corrupted weight. That was to come about through the billions in "reconstruction" aid which Nixon & Co. dangled before (indeed promised to) Hanoi in order to get the "peace is at hand" agreement of 1972-73.

Naturally and inevitably, they reneged on that commitment long before the final Communist victory of 1975, and their successors have not picked up that gage, using the transparent excuse that Hanoi is trying to use the bodies of fallen Americans as bargaining chips in the halfhearted negotiations over normalizing relations. It is interesting to speculate on the possible restraining effect on Vietnam's Cambodian adventure of a billion dollars' worth of American oil-drilling equipment in Vietnamese waters, not to mention other links that might have been forged between the two former adversaries.

Absent the United States, Indochina was left to its ancient ethnic enmities, compounded by the military and economic assistance of the two great Communist powers, China and the Soviet Union. Laos was made a client of Vietnam. As Hanoi became increasingly dependent on Moscow, Peking was left with Phnom Penh and its fanatically radical leadership under Pol Pot. The venomous Sino-Soviet relationship was reflected along the Vietnam-Cambodia borders, and finally Hanoi, using Cambodian dissidents as a front, waged full-scale war and won.

We are left with Norodom Sihanouk, the Cambodian patriot despite everything, coming out of Pol Pot's house arrest in the land he once ruled and pleading for United Nations intervention to restore his country's independence. That will not happen, of course, since the United Nations was set up so as to make it virtually powerless in confrontations between major nations, and these are certainly involved in the events west of the Parrot's Beak.

The globalists in Washington will tend to see new sets of dominoes falling down the archipelagoes of Southeast Asia. And they will be frustrated at their inability to act, or even to influence the course of events, in that part of the world. They will be forced to rely on the restraint of our new "friend" China (there are, of course, no such things as "friends" in international life) and of our nervous partner in "detente," the Soviet Union.

Right after playing the "China card" in the great game of Balance of Power, Americans might reflect on the fact that in a generation of involvement in Indochina we threw away a whole hand. Now all we can do is watch others play their own dangerous games in Southeast Asia.

Rape at Home

"Woman bears an unequal share of the responsibilities and duties of sex and reproduction just as certainly and justly as man bears an unequal share of the responsibilities and duties of property, war, and politics," wrote Yale's influential professor of political and social science, William Graham Sumner, in his 1906 book, *Folkways*.

The author of this flat assertion is remembered today, if at all, principally for his view that "stateways cannot change folkways." The phrase cropped up constantly in the debate over the wisdom of ending the legal segregation of the races by legislation and court action. Four decades after the end of the Civil War, Sumner himself was saying that the old folkways were so strong that "the two races are separating more than ever before." If the races were to learn to live together, it could only be by natural processes in which folkways and mores changed gradually.

One of the deficiencies in Sumner's argument about race was that it ignored how "stateways"—the laws enacted in the period after the Civil War—actually enforced segregation. The best rebuttal to Sumner is contained in a short book written a half century later by another member of the Yale faculty, historian C. Vann Woodward. In *The Strange Career of Jim Crow* Woodward demonstrated that the segregation that Sumner attributed to the persistence of folkways was largely the product of a series of laws enacted in the Southern states beginning in the 1890s. These were so effective that between 1896 and the time Sumner published *Folkways* a decade later, the black registered vote in Louisiana, for example, had dropped from 130,334 to 1,342. The lesson of Woodward's historical investigation was that since segregation had been fostered by stateways, desegregation could be too.

Much of the reaction to the prosecution of John Rideout in Oregon on a charge of raping his wife is reminiscent of William Graham Sumner's dictum about the ineffectuality of stateways. Yes, it is terrible that men rape their wives, but the law is a poor instrument for dealing with the problem (although the couple's later reconciliation suggests a certain therapeutic value). The only solution, in this view, is for the relations between the sexes to evolve naturally so that this no longer happens.

Our response echoes Professor Woodward. Just as law shaped Jim Crow folkways, so the law shaped the folkways that made a woman her husband's property and denied her the right to accuse him of rape. It takes the law a long time to undo the harm that the

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law has caused. Segregation could not be abolished quickly, nor can marital rape. But Sumner might not have been so certain that it was just and inevitable that unequal duties of sex are imposed on women if the law did not back that view.

Laws in other states should be changed to make marital rape a crime because this is not a matter on which they can be neutral. The law protects either the rapist or it protects the victim of rape. Civilized society favors the victim, and by building that bias into the law, hopes to shape folkways in an opposite way from which the laws have shaped them until now. We recognize, of course, that criminal penalties will only infrequently be imposed on married rapists, both because their wives will be reluctant to expose publicly intimate details of their lives and because of the difficulty in proving beyond a reasonable doubt that they did not consent to sexual relations. But those arguments could be raised against rape laws generally, which does not negate the importance of the state declaring that to use or threaten violence to coerce sexual relations is a crime. Exempting marital rape from the criminal law amounts to a declaration by the state that woman's place is where Sumner said it was in 1906.

ARYEH NEIER

Aryeh Neier, a member of The Nation*'s editorial board, is visiting professor of law at New York University and a fellow of the New York Institute for the Humanities.*

Ohio Regrets

The state of Ohio's agreement to pay $675,000 to settle the Kent State suit and the statement of regret signed by Gov. James Rhodes and the National Guardsmen who did the shooting are pitifully small recompense to the families whose children were killed and to those who were maimed and injured nearly nine years ago. Even so, there is some satisfaction in knowing that the state will finally pay, and we salute those who made it happen. Foremost among them is the Rev. John Adams, director of the Board of Church and Society of the United Methodist Church. Adams was the publicist who kept us from forgetting, the fund-raiser who made sure the monumental legal costs were paid, the friend of the families and the wounded and the peacemaker among the lawyers and everyone else with a strategy, or an ego, that demanded precedence.

We also single out Sanford Jay Rosen. Although the United States Supreme Court unanimously upheld the right to sue Ohio officials, all seemed to be lost when in 1975 an Ohio jury returned a verdict favoring Rhodes and the guardsmen. At that low point, the American Civil Liberties Union asked Rosen to take over the case, on the understanding that while winning it was virtually impossible, the suit had to be pursued out of a duty to the victims and to history. He was cautioned against the common tendency of those who invest great effort in a cause—deluding themselves that they can win against all odds. Rosen disregarded the advice and, by an extraordinary legal effort, got the verdict set aside and launched a new trial, which worried Rhodes and company sufficiently to make the state willing to settle.

Most of the money will go to Dean Kahler, who was crippled for life in the shootings, and providing for Kahler was a crucial factor in the others' decision to settle. But for them, and for us as well, the words of Arthur Krause, whose daughter Allison was one of those killed, best expressed why the suit could not be dropped: "It's not over as long as people can be shot down like this."

Kooper's Folly

The other day a New York Supreme Court judge, Sybil Hart Kooper, decided that the First Amendment to the United States Constitution and the New York shield law protecting reporters' notes apply only to "journalists" and that the author of a book-in-progress about a murder case being tried in Brooklyn must turn over certain of his notes of interviews with a principal in the case because he isn't a journalist. He is an author. "If anyone who wrote anything could call himself or herself a journalist, the results would be ludicrous," the Judge stated in her opinion. "Imagine, Betty Ford writes her autobiography. Is she a journalist? Julia Child pens a cookbook. Is she a journalist? The court writes a decision. Is she a journalist? The Appellate Division, in a written decision, affirms (or, heaven forfend, reverses) that decision. Are those august jurists journalists? Reductio ad absurdum."

Judge Kooper's ignorance of law and history reduces her argument to absurdity. Her questions are irrelevant—as irrelevant as asking whether Lincoln Steffens, Ida Tarbell, Upton Sinclair, Rachel Carson, Paul Brodeur and a host of other writers, past and present, could be called journalists. Measured by her coy dictum, they couldn't, so they wouldn't be entitled to the privileges guaranteed by freedom of the press. In fact, under Judge Kooper's ruling, Woodward and Bernstein could be forced to divulge the identity of Deep Throat, because they mentioned the existence of that confidential source only in their book *All the President's Men*, which they wrote as authors, and not in their Watergate articles for *The Washington Post*, which they wrote as journalists.

In 1783 Lord Chief Justice Reeves, in his *History of English Law to the Time of Elizabeth*, remarked that "modern writers, in discoursing of the ancient law, were too apt to speak in modern terms and generally with a reference to some modern usage." That was Judge Kooper's mistake, too. Like many other judges and lawmakers and lawyers today, she missed the point because she failed to ask what the word "press"

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in the phrase "freedom of the press" originally meant and how the word and phrase were understood by the authors of the Bill of Rights. A moment's reflection shows that what we mean by "the press" today is not what the Colonial generation meant by it. We mean the so-called "media." They meant not merely the modest collection of newspapers that existed during the Colonial and Federal periods in this country, although the word included them. The works that the Framers probably wanted to protect most were like those that had been written earlier in England by Lilburne and Wilkes and Entick—pamphlets and occasional "periodicals" that were written anonymously and distributed surreptitiously, and whose authors were punished ferociously. Other works whose suppression and confiscation led to the demands for a free press were books of all kinds, including philosophy, poetry, history, social commentary, religious tracts and views of contemporary events. It was for these, too, that authors had been fined and imprisoned and even executed.

Presumably there is a set of Blackstone's *Commentaries* in the library of the Supreme Court in Kings County. Blackstone, "the oracle of the common law in the minds of the American Framers," wrote: "The *liberty of the press* is indeed essential to the nature of a free state; but this consists in laying no *previous* restraints upon publication, and not in freedom from censure for criminal matter when published. Every freeman has an undoubted right to lay what sentiments he pleases before the public: to forbid this is to destroy the freedom of the press; but if he publishes what is improper, mischievous, or illegal, he must take the consequences of his own temerity." In short, freedom of the press meant that the state could not prevent the publication of anything.

Since neither Blackstone nor anyone else who seemed to have influenced the Framers limited this freedom to people who wrote for or published newspapers or were otherwise engaged in printing news in some fashion, it seems clear that the word "press" in "freedom of the press" referred to the printing press. Whoever had access to a printing press was free to use it without restraint. It was the right to put words into print that was being safeguarded, not the rights of a particular group of writers. And today everyone who publishes anything in this country—from Julia Child to James Reston to Philip Roth—has the same right under the First Amendment. At least they had it until a judge on the lowest state court in New York took it away. We can only hope that a higher court will return it to us—not just as writers, but, far more important, as readers—in its original condition.

RICHARD HARRIS

Richard Harris is the author of Freedom Spent.

ARTICLES.

Iranian Babel

FRANCES FITZGERALD

The White House analysis of the Iranian crisis over the past few months may go down in history as one of the great failures of American intelligence—not in the technical but in the general sense of that word. So concentrated have Zbigniew Brzezinski and others been on their own policy of support for the Shah that they did not consider the possibility of an anti-Shah movement before it began and then, once it had started, failed to take it seriously enough. Even now their analysis has not apparently improved very much. Recently, when the Shah came to the American Embassy for advice about whether or not to go on "vacation" abroad, American officials reportedly told him they had no idea what he should do. "The decision on whether it would be better if he remained or left is a very complicated one," an official said. "Therefore we have decided to tell the Shah: when you're King of Kings, this is what you're paid to do, make your own decisions." Poor Shah! Poor King of Kings! The attempt of White House officials to lay the blame on C.I.A. intelligence in the technical sense only shows how deep their ignorance goes. For to suppose that the C.I.A. could have predicted the time and place of the first demonstrations and identified the masterminds behind the uprising is to misunderstand the whole nature of the anti-Shah revolt.

In the first place the uprising in Iran was almost entirely spontaneous. The Shiite religious leaders—the *mujtahids*—provided some tactical management, but they did not control the rebellion: they could not have, for in the cities at least it was so general as to leave almost no one on the side of the Shah. After some months of demonstrations the Shah was asked what his political base was and he replied, "Damned if I know." The revolt was not masterminded by the *mujtahids*, nor was it even really of their inspiration. The revolt was in fact much like the Buddhist uprising against Ngo Dinh Diem in 1963: a groundswell of resentment against a corrupt, incompetent and isolated dictatorship supported from abroad coalesced around the leaders of the majority religion. The Iranians, like the Vietnamese of the cities, looked to the religious leaders not merely for the negative reason that the dictatorship had silenced the political opposition. The *mujtahids* represented firm moral standards, tradition—or the attachment of the society to its own past—an ideal of brotherhood, and thus a means to cooperation, and finally the spirit of Iranian nationalism.

Frances FitzGerald, a member of The Nation*'s editorial board and author of* Fire in the Lake, *has worked in Iran and the Middle East. She recently completed a book about American history textbooks for children.*

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All these things were important in 1978 since what the city people had suffered under the Shah was not totalitarian order but anarchy and lack of control over their own lives as well as over the society. The tide of new money had broken up the traditional social order and cut its ties with the past; it had pushed the country people into the cities and left them to a frantic, lawless competition for survival. While the Shah, unable to manage his own society, had brought foreigners in to run the key sectors of the economy, the *mujtahids* had found and created a mass following. They were sensitive to public opinion in the way that the Shah was not because, financially and otherwise, they depended on the people for their survival.

What will happen next in Iran is not an easy question to answer, for beyond the current uncertainties about the Shah's vacation plans, the ranking officers have not declared themselves and the rebellion has yet to take on a solid political shape. The new Prime Minister, Shahpur Bakhtiar, has promised elections and a constitutional monarchy in which the power rests with a national legislature. It would be ironic if the anti-Shah forces created what the American supporters of the Shah from President Carter to Senator Moynihan claimed to want for Iran and all third-world countries: democratic institutions. But there is some possibility they may succeed in doing that, whether it is with Mr. Bakhtiar or someone else. Iran, after all, has had a Constitution since 1904, and, previous to the 1953 coup that brought the Shah to power, it had mass-based political parties and a national legislature that governed the country.

Then, too, the country has been politically mobilized for many months now; the hundreds of thousands of strikers and demonstrators have shown a degree of discipline that would be remarkable in any "developed" country that had strong unions and political parties. The civilians who have brought one military Government to a standstill could do the same for another. Also the rebellion has not yet created or shed light on any serious social divisions between, say, rich and poor, city and country, or one region and another. The Shah's forced-march "modernization"—or urbanization—policy may have worked to grind down those class and regional differences that did exist. Finally, many Iranians have, through experience, come to understand a fact of practical politics that American policy makers never seemed to grasp: one-man rule is an unstable form of government even by the laws of probability.

The difficulties Mr. Bakhtiar or any other civilian Prime Minister will face in trying to create a representative Government are, of course, formidable. In the foreground the obstacles are the generals currently in power, who under a civilian Government could never have the power, the array of military machinery or the license to steal that they had under the Shah. These gentlemen will not happily preside over their own disestablishment. Here the American Embassy could be of some use, for while its intelligence operatives may not know any religious dignitaries, they know the generals extremely well. They apparently brought the most trigger-happy of the generals to the United States. In the end they might bring them all. That would at least have the effect of repatriating a good many millions of dollars spent in bribes and kickbacks.

Another order of difficulty for Mr. Bakhtiar, or any civilian Prime Minister, lies in the incoherence of Iranian political life. For the past twenty-five, but particularly for the past fifteen, years there has been no political discourse in Iran except for the Alice-in-Wonderland rhetoric of the Shah and People's Revolution. Now that the censorship has been removed, the Iranians have found themselves with no common language to discuss the state of the nation. The language of the *mujtahids* has—demonstrably—a great deal of resonance in Iran, but it refers to a sphere of reality quite different from that of Eurodollar credits and communications satellites. Ayatollah Khomeini and others have made an effort to bring the two worlds together. But if Khomeini believes Bakhtiar is Satan, they have clearly not succeeded.

Twenty-five years ago the secular interests of the Moslem leaders and their urban faithful were represented by Mossadegh's National Front Party. A number of the National Front leaders have emerged during the current uprising, but they no longer have any organization or mass following. Their nationalism has not gone out of date, but they are men of a certain age who speak the old-fashioned language of the *bazaqris*—the shopkeepers—and not that of the oil cartels. The children of these shopkeepers, on the other hand—and particularly the thousands upon thousands of them who have studied abroad—speak every conceivable international tongue from the language of the Harvard Business School to that of the Palestinian guerrillas. The middle class has become a Tower of Babel, and these children resent it. While they speak to the modern world, they feel a sense of guilt at their alienation from their own country. These days the women students in Teheran universities put chadors over their short skirts, unable for the moment to decide which one is real.

A civilian Government may in the end forge a common language, or allow the country to settle upon one, but it is a long process. There will thus be no "stability" of the sort favored by American companies for some time to come, unless the turmoil becomes so acute that it makes a military strong man promising order and social justice seem preferable to the majority. Not the politics of Iran but the structure of the economy will continue to tempt Iranian officers to make a coup, for while oil remains the revenue-producing industry and while the oil revenues flow straight into the national treasury, those guarding the treasury will always have a huge advantage over everyone else.

The United States cannot control events in Iran,

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but it can influence them, if only negatively. At the moment the most positive thing foreign policy makers might do is nothing: that is, stop backing and filling around the Shah and the "formula" of a constitutional monarchy and come out for an Iranian Government chosen by the Iranian people. If they did this, they would not only be breaking the long tradition of hypocrisy vis-a-vis American dependencies in the third world but they would be serving the national interests of the United States. Iran needs the United States and the rest of the industrialized West to buy its oil, to provide development technology and to insure its long border with the Soviet Union, and only a regime that believes it has come to power in spite of the United States could possibly think otherwise. □

Failure of Intelligence

NORMAN BIRNBAUM

The failure of the Central Intelligence Agency to predict the upheaval in Iran prompted the President to send handwritten notes of complaint to national security adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski, Director of Central Intelligence Stansfield Turner and Secretary of State Vance. The agencies headed by each proceeded to demonstrate that, however limited their view of the world, they were unerring analysts of one another's mistakes. The C.I.A.'s explanation for reporting that all was for the best in the Shah's best of all possible worlds was that it had been ordered by the White House and the State Department to talk only to the Savak. The State Department grumbled that the White House had rejected its warnings about growing political unrest in Iran. Dr. Brzezinski, apparently recalling that December is term-paper time, gave the State Department's research failing marks. Then, to close the circle, the President himself was held by *The New York Times* to be not entirely blameless on the ground that he had seen in Iran only what he wanted to see.

The President, at least, should console himself; the failure of our national security apparatus to provide Presidents with adequate intelligence is hardly new. I recollect a chat in John Kennedy's White House with a distinguished member of that Administration. It was in July of 1961, and he produced that day's *Washington Post*, with a headlined report by the late Isaac Deutscher on an alleged conflict between China and the Soviet Union. Was Deutscher, he asked, to be taken seriously? Deutscher, I replied, was a Marxist working alone in Hampstead, London,—and occasionally talking to East Europeans. You, I continued, have the C.I.A., the Pentagon, the State Department electronic eavesdropping and much, much more. Precisely, was the reply, that is why I need Deutscher

The "intelligence" failure in Iran is, of course, a failure of policy. A decision having been made to back the Shah, the very attempt to establish alternative sources of information became an implicit disavowal of him. In a world in which appearances ("signals" is the customary word, with its original denotation of a very primitive mode of communication) are everything, ignoring questions of substance is not an oversight: it is an imperative. Dr. Brzezinski is said to have argued that the question of human rights was important, but secondary to the necessity of maintaining a friendly Iranian Government in a very strategic country. He did so despite the growing evidence that his adherence to a supposedly pragmatic position required a very large leap of faith. The purchase of friendship from an Iranian Government opposed by the nation assured the primacy of the issue of human rights in Iran. With friends like the Shah, his generals and policemen, we clearly do not need enemies.

Familiar themes, which hardly bear repeating—but for a terrible suspicion. Suppose our elites actually take the anti-world of appearances, messages, signals, and international gamesmanship for the real one? Elites, after all, suffer alternately from two severe disorders. One is their conviction of omnipotence. The other is their panicked sense of helplessness. Bureaucrats long for a predictable world in which even (or above all) enemies stick to their (the bureaucrats') scripts. The world's stubborn refusal to conform to position papers is a constant disappointment—and, worse, a source of endless anxiety. Fantasies of total order ward off fears of complete catastrophe but, since order inevitably breaks down, also generate them. Bureaucratic inventiveness is, however, limitless—when the problem is staying on top. The doctrine of "crisis management" was invented to circumvent these difficulties. It offers surcease from the dreadful cycle to which reality condemns those who would rule. It obviates the necessity for that vision of history, or knowledge of history, which contemporary elites so conspicuously lack. The doctrine is fraudulent. Like the legendary generals fighting the last war, most elites manage new crises with techniques learned in old ones. Most crises, in any event, will not respond to technique alone.

It is unfair to depict our elites as entirely devoid of thought. They possess a philosophy of history, in the form of the doctrine of "modernization," most recently applied to Iran. The Shah, we are assured, was "modernizing" Iran. The notion of "modernization" was developed by academic social scientists anxious to explain and justify our postwar empire. The world was bound to become like the United States, if not more so. Nations once backward would attain that secular utopia, a society of consumer-citizens. Indeed, in truly modern nations citizens would consume more, and think less. Politics would be the reserved domain of technocratic elites, subject to occasional

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approbation by grateful publics—whose maturity could be measured by the intensity of their gratitude.

It is most "unmodern" of so many West Europeans, for instance, to take ideas of socialism seriously. As for those Iranians who still are Islamic, they are clearly in the way of universal progress. The apologists for "modernization" are indeed haunted by the specter of populations who refuse those sequences of development designed for them by American professors. The professors' fear of the destabilization of the world is, of course, an expression of their incapacity to understand it. Indeed, their dread of loss of control is so pervasive that some now see parliaments and a free press as possible obstacles to effective modern government. (The experts who told the Trilateral Commission that an excess of democracy was dangerous were certified exponents of "modernization.") Little wonder that our Government's apologies for the Shah convey intellectual impoverishment and unreal abstraction. Terrible waste, wholesale thievery and systematic butchery are difficult to portray as historically progressive—even with Stalinist precedents for this abuse of language.

Our rulers are young and provincial. The Soviet leadership is quite different. It is old and provincial. It, too, is disturbed by a world which does not exemplify the stupefying deformation of Marxism that passes for official Soviet thought. Soviet society itself resists the ineluctable "laws" promulgated by successive generations of stone-bottomed hacks at the Academy of Sciences. The Soviet rulers are as frightened of disorder in Iran as are our own. Islamic fundamentalism is a threat to Soviet Asia. To ordinary perception, the Shah is a corrupt megalomaniac. To the Soviet crisis managers, he is for the time being a representative of a "national bourgeoisie." The bourgeoisie, the Soviets know, only wish to buy and sell. It follows that they too can do business with them.

Doing business, of course, is what they all want—West and East. The crisis managers, in the last analysis, are managers. Dreams of omnipotence and impotence trouble the world's elites by night. By day, the seemingly rational forces of the market take over—and calculation replaces ideological frenzy. Reason seems to dictate no less. In a world in which economics and politics are inextricable, the languages of the market and of the state increasingly resemble one another. We have "invested" in the Shah and not in the opposition. The Soviets consider that their "costs" would be increased should the Shah disappear. The image of the world as a market is a response to the failure of notions of total control. The world is too vast, too polycentric, to be ruled from one capital—or two. The Emperor in Franz Kafka's story, "The Great Wall of China," was forever dispatching orders to the limits of his empire—which arrived only after he had expired. Our contemporary emperors think that they know how to avoid his fate. By treating the world as a market, they do business to stay in business. Is "intelligence," then, another form of market research?

Matters would be simpler if it were. Market researchers, however, do not blame the customers when goods fail to sell. Perhaps some "intelligence," (for example, the "disinformation" sometimes purveyed by the C.I.A.) resembles the manipulative kinds of market research. The hidden persuaders in advertising, however, aren't very hidden. A more accurate analogy might liken political intelligence to research and development in industry. Industrial scientists and technologists have no say about what should be produced. Larger issues of economic and social policy are not within their competence. They are free, however, to pursue their researches—and their employers are free to decide how to use their work.

Perhaps I can cite an authority in the matter. Addressing the American Association of University Professors (A.A.U.P.) in June, Director of Central Intelligence Stansfield Turner likened his agency to an institution of learning. Both of us, he told the professors, are processing information. But information processing in the national interest is an idea whose time has come—and gone. Conflicting views of the national interest clearly generate very different kinds of "information."

DRAWINGS BY FRANCES JETTER

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Admiral Turner himself has not been faithful to his epistemological precepts. He has acknowledged rewriting his agency's reports to meet the requirements of policy. Information processing, in other words, does not precede policy. Policy legitimates information—even brings it into being. The essential element in Admiral Turner's thought lies elsewhere. He told the A.A.U.P. that we were, after all, virtually at war. Pedantic concern for the niceties of open academic discourse had to give way in the circumstances, he said, to the sterner demands of historical emergency. Admiral Turner's totally technical notion of intelligence is at bottom totally political. The two are bound to each other like partners in a sadomasochistic liaison.

"Intelligence," then, fails because it rests on erroneous ideas of the relationship of thought to power. Power invariably invades the sphere of thought. It does so the more insidiously and effectively when thought claims to be beyond power. The systematic blindness of our "intelligence" results from its implicit subservience to our policy. George Kennan wrote that our Foreign Service was more effective when it was much smaller and far more homogeneous. The 800 officers who constituted it had a clear conception of the world. In an epoch before our nation had a grand design for everybody and everything, the Foreign Service could actually acknowledge that other nations and peoples had their own lives. Despite our limitless production of review memorandums, commission reports, books, monographs and papers—inside and outside the foreign policy apparatus—we seem forever overtaken by events.

Consider the recent past. The Poznan rising in 1953, the revolution in the German Democratic Republic later in that year, the Polish October of 1956 and the Hungarian Revolution which followed it were not predicted. Our intelligence failed to anticipate de-Stalinization. To this day, the C.I.A. has the effrontery to boast of its success in obtaining a copy of Khrushchev's famous speech, when it should be apologizing for its failure to have foreseen that it was coming. The C.I.A., like Dean Acheson and John Foster Dulles (and hundreds of supposedly detached scholars), cultivated images of the state socialist regimes so one-dimensional, so monolithic, that conflict and change within them seemed impossible. Despite the Yugoslav precedent, the Sino-Soviet conflict came as a huge surprise.

Our capacity to understand and deal with Western Europe has been greater, but still rather limited. The beginnings of the Italian version of Eurocommunism, in Togliatti's doctrine of polycentrism, went unremarked by our elites. The incorporation of the Italian Socialist Party in the Government was imposed by the White House on a resistant foreign policy apparatus, which viewed the Socialists as dangerous. West German negotiations with the Democratic Republic and the Soviet Union, initiated in 1969 by the Social Democrats and Free Democrats, had been long in preparation—by the parties in question and in the German national political tradition. Kissinger, of course, had some empathy with matters German, but many sectors of the national security apparatus are still surprised—a decade later. We depicted de Gaulle as an idiosyncratic old man, virtually a crank, for most of his reign—and failed to see the European significance of Gaullism. That France, despite the events of 1968, might actually go to the left is not a real possibility to be prepared for but a nightmare for which we allow Giscard to administer soporifics. We persist in a half-patronizing, half-resentful attitude toward the West Europeans, about whom, if truth be told, many in our foreign policy apparatus know little and (protestations of Atlantic solidarity to the contrary) care less.

The list could be extended. In the Bay of Pigs invasion the C.I.A. sent its Cuban Brigade to an area where the peasants were particularly attached to the regime, and the expected uprising in the cities failed utterly to materialize. The Portuguese Revolution, South Vietnam's collapse, the success of the Parti Quebecois, Begin's electoral triumph, Mrs. Gandhi's defeat, black resistance in the Union of South Africa, the persistent strength of dissent in the Soviet Union, have nothing in common—except that they surprised American political intelligence. Occasionally, junior officers in the C.I.A. and the State Department are acute analysts and observers. When their reports prove disturbing, however, they rarely find their way to the top. The intelligence functions of government cannot be isolated, then, from the conduct of foreign policy in its entirety. The assumptions of our policy determine the selective interpretation (and sometimes the simple manufacture) of evidence. We may recall Admiral Turner's efforts in June to convince a skeptical Congress that he had evidence of Cuban involvement in the Shaba episode in Zaire.

A particularly absurd criticism of our world role holds the C.I.A. responsible for every cruelty and disaster occurring anywhere. The world is quite capable of going to hell without the C.I.A.'s help. The C.I.A.'s critics, however, have simply taken our intelligence officers at their word. The latter believe that nothing can happen without their knowledge (and, ideally, consent). A possibility unacknowledged by the C.I.A. cannot exist—and if it does, it presumably has no right to exist. The regimes we maintain seem, somehow, more real than the forces opposing them—unless, of course, the latter have to be depicted in monstrous terms, the better to frighten us.

Demonological accounts of world politics depict our foreign policy apparatus as engaged in the ruthless manipulation of events. (Those who deplore our alleged weakness, and see the hand of the Soviet Union everywhere, think similarly—and no doubt would wish us to manipulate events if we could.) We should be cautious, however, about attributing too much foresight to those at the top of the apparatus. They hardly control it, for one thing. For another, the severest criticism we can make of them is that they

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actually believe in the world picture they promulgate. The paradox is that our nation surely does not lack resources of intelligence in the ordinary sense of the word. Our culture and our science, after all, are flourishing. Why should a problem of political technique, dealt with reasonably well by other nations, prove so difficult?

One answer is that we suffer from the weakness of our principled opposition. In no Western nation is a rift in political consensus more anxiously feared, and less threatened. It is quite true that, since Vietnam, a sporadic debate about foreign policy has been taking place, but those who systematically criticized the assumptions that led to Vietnam have not made their way into the foreign policy apparatus. Our elite is divided between those who think previous politics entirely correct and those who think them mainly correct.

The Vietnam War was the result of the obsessions of the decade 1950-60. Kissinger was lucid enough to rationalize these to discard surplus ideology, to think in terms of pure power. The members of the Trilateral Commission were shocked by so much frankness—and thought it bad for multinational business. In any event, they did not think our society capable of bearing Kissinger's burdens, and proposed that these be shared. In principle far more aware of complexity than the theorists of American empire, the Trilateralists in practice revert to rigidity when confronted with loss. How else explain their unseemly retreat from the human rights policy, when it became clear that Iranians and Nicaraguans were taking it literally? In any event, the range of public debate about our foreign policy is so narrow that it encourages those in power to constrict their thought and vision.

Does the limited experience of our elite also endow it with tunnel vision in matters of political intelligence? Blacks, Catholics, Hispanics, Jews and women have now made their way into the foreign policy agencies—as white Anglo-Saxons without Ivy degrees did before them—but the apparatus still sets the terms of discussion. Those who join it no longer think of themselves as beholden to outside groups, and most of these groups lack coherent foreign policy ideas anyhow. The new recruits are assimilated into an American elite that is remote from many of the problems of our own society—and that views other societies through lenses doubly clouded.

There are, no doubt, organizational changes in intelligence that should be made. The C.I.A. should be abolished, for a start, and its functions distributed among other agencies. The original rationale for a separate intelligence agency was that it would be independent of the bureaucratic interests of the other departments. The agency promptly developed its own interests, and much of its activity now is aimed at self-aggrandizement. Political intelligence should be the responsibility of the State Department. We might even, one day, hold ambassadors responsible for accurate reporting about the countries in which they serve.

Organizational change, however, has limits. Bureaucracy—hierarchy in general—have been conspicuously unsuccessful in developing the sort of open discussion that is an indispensable component of the search for knowledge. (The Soviet Union has the equivalent of a brigade of specialists on the United States at the Academy of Sciences. When some Soviet leaders received a group of American Senators recently, they put on a cretinous display of ignorance by rebuking the Democratic Party for its failure to impose a uniform foreign policy upon the Congress.) In its present forms, "intelligence" is bound to be unintelligent. Intelligence—discriminating historical judgment, a large vision, sympathy for the world's peoples, a sense of our own nation's moral responsibilities—would be better. That, however, waits upon a very different politics. □

THE CLEVELAND STORY

How the Banks Foreclosed Dennis Kucinich

FRED BRANFMAN

"We've got to get the little bastard out of office. . . . Any damage we can do to (Kucinich) now, either politically or financially, will help the city in the long run. We do have the betterment of the city in mind."

—Cleveland City Council member, quoted in *The Los Angeles Times*, December 27, 29, 1978.

Cleveland

Something akin to class warfare has broken out here, recalling the great populist struggles of the early 20th century. Mayor Dennis Kucinich and his supporters have found that their "New Urban Populism" has brought them into open conflict with this city's business and political establishment.

The significance of what is happening here has largely been lost in Jonestown-style reporting, which has focused on the more bizarre aspects of Cleveland's crisis.

When the head of a city's Board of Education is fined for "mooning" his brother on an interstate highway and the Mayor's brother is arrested for robbing a bank and the Mayor himself fires a popular police chief in the middle of a press conference, some ridicule is inevitable. But it is unfortunate that superficial media coverage has so obscured the real story here.

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For, his occasional excesses aside, Dennis Kucinich has been deadly serious about shifting resources here from the affluent to the middle class and poor. In so doing he has asked questions and taken risks dared by no other major officeholder in America today.

Although Dennis Kucinich was unknown outside Cleveland until only recently, he has held elective office since 1970. One of seven children in a family headed by a Croation-American truck driver, Kucinich still lives in a working-class neighborhood on Cleveland's polyglot white ethnic West Side. Although he has a master's degree, Kucinich has not followed the middle-class path of most college graduates. He has assiduously projected a working-class style, championed working-class issues such as lower taxes and utility bills, religiously attended neighborhood events and emphasized delivery of governmental services to constituents.

His path to the Mayor's office has been characterized by vigorous grass-roots campaigning. Numerous, imaginative press events highlighting his fight against the powers that be on behalf of people have given him a recognition and identity most politicians would envy. At the same time, his biennial campaigns, characterized by door-to-door leafleting and canvassing, enlist dozens of young people who are attracted by his anti-Establishment views and his commitment to the neighborhood.

Kucinich might seem like some kind of nut in Georgetown or Scarsdale, but the grocers and factory workers who live in the neat, clean, small houses in the West Side's Ward 21 don't think so. People tell you, often in foreign accents, that the default is not "Dennis's" fault; that the "kid" is being picked on by businessmen and politicians; that they admire his "guts" for standing up to them. Here it is the John Lindsays of the world who look flaky.

The advent of the Kucinich administration, moreover, may well signal a new era in American politics. Liberals have been vainly awaiting a rebirth of the middle-class, socially oriented movements of the 1960s to rescue the country from its rightward drift. Almost unnoticed, however, something quite different has arisen in Cleveland. A new movement of activists, in their 20s and early 30s, with a solid base in the working-class neighborhoods where they were raised, have taken power on a program of economic justice and economic democracy.

The dramatic default of Cleveland on December 15, 1978, is an appropriate place to begin a discussion of this new phenomenon. For an analysis of the evidence quickly reveals that Cleveland did not default because of the Kucinich administration's mismanagement of the city's finances. It defaulted because the city's largest bank, Cleveland Trust, took the phenomenon represented by Kucinich seriously enough to try to capsize it through default.

Kucinich largely inherited the present fiscal difficulties from the previous administration of Mayor Perk. Like many big-city mayors, Perk had been unwilling to compensate for a shrinking tax base by increasing revenues or cutting expenses. Instead, he attempted to balance the city's books by selling off major municipal assets, such as the sewer and transit systems, to the suburbs. When this failed, according to a city audit, he began transferring bond-fund receipts into the general fund for operating expenses. The result, as an Ernst and Ernst audit commissioned by Kucinich this summer reported, was that $38 million in bond funds were missing.

Since taking office, Kucinich has done more than any Cleveland mayor in the past decade to clean up the city's finances. He reduced operating expenses by cutting back employment from 11,600 to 10,000 through attrition; under court order, he began paying back debts owed the Cleveland Electric Illuminating Company (C.E.I.) utility for the past seven years; most important, he reversed a decade-long stand against tax hikes by the city and produced a plan to increase revenues by raising the income tax from 1 to 1.5 percent. For the first time in recent history, Cleveland today faces the prospect of a truly balanced budget.

One thing, however, Kucinich would not do: sell the city-owned Municipal Light System (Muny Light). He made it clear from the beginning of his administration that this was for him a matter of principle upon which he would not compromise. Muny Light, indeed, has become the symbol of his populism. He has called it "the soul of the city," which "white-collar criminals," i.e., C.E.I. executives, are trying to "steal" for their own selfish profit.

Two days before the default, five of six Cleveland banks reached an agreement with Kucinich. In a Memorandum of Understanding, they agreed to refinance the $9 million in notes owed them in return for a Kucinich pledge to raise the income tax. The Cleveland Trust bank, however, which was owed $5 million, refused to go along with the plan. In a dramatic December 14 meeting, president Brock Weir suddenly raised a condition for refinancing that no other bank had put forward: Cleveland Trust would only refinance if Kucinich agreed to sell Muny Light to C.E.I.

Cleveland Trust, which possesses $4.5 billion in assets, was not worried about the security of its $5 million loan. The income tax plan, supported by the other Cleveland banks, was supposed to guarantee the banks' notes. The real problem for Cleveland Trust was clearly Kucinich. Dennis Kucinich has been at war with the bank, and the interests it represents, since his first day in office. One can only understand the default by understanding the conflict that preceded it, a conflict that will continue however the city's fiscal crisis is resolved.

When Kucinich became Mayor one year ago, he confronted the classic dilemma of any "liberal" officeholder in America: dealing with the business community's power over city affairs. To take on this system, however, was to risk losing power completely.

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Faced with this dilemma, most liberal politicians choose to compromise. There is no big-city "liberal" mayor in America--from Tom Bradley to Edward Koch to Kevin White—who does not support the notion that the way to save the city is to give "incentives" to business. Concern for the poor or working class is expressed primarily by defense of existing, though inadequate, social welfare programs against the onslaughts of the Howard Jarvises and more conservative corporations.

Kucinich chose a different path. He has challenged virtually every privilege, subsidy and tax break enjoyed by Cleveland's business community. He has frequently gone on the offensive to transfer resources from the corporate sector to inner-city neighborhoods. He has literally declared war on the most time-honored conventions of corporate liberalism: that tax breaks to business produce the jobs and economic growth that sustain social welfare programs; that an influx of business is synonymous with the public good, and, most significantly, that the private sector can better manage profit-making enterprises than the public sector.

In a speech called "The New Urban Populism," Kucinich stated, "The interests of the public sector and the private sector are often mutually exclusive." He went on to note, "a people-oriented city government which places human values over corporate or corrupt financial gain. . .represented a dramatic turn of events in Cleveland and presaged confrontation." He may have been understating the case.

Tax abatements provided an early major fight. Kucinich has described the issue thus: "We have stood up to the corporate extortionists who threaten to pull up stakes unless the city capitulates to millions of dollars of property tax abatements." Cleveland's corporations, like businesses everywhere, had long automatically been granted exemption from property taxes on downtown expansion. When the National City Bank and Sohio sought tax abatements this year, however, they were resisted by Kucinich, who claimed that the businesses would expand anyway, and to abate their taxes was to make inner-city residents pay the price by losing services the business taxes would have financed.

A second brouhaha broke out over the issue of giving business other incentives to expand. The giant Republic Steel Corporation, which is headquartered in Cleveland, requested permission to take over land in Cleveland's port for the construction of an ore dock. Republic, and its supporters in the business community, argued that if the corporation did not get the ore dock it would have to defer a major expansion of jobs in Cleveland. Kucinich successfully opposed the project, however, on the ground that it would jeopardize the port, bring a net loss in jobs, and would not affect Republic's decision to expand. His position was recently vindicated when the corporation announced that it would both build the ore dock elsewhere and also invest $200 million in an expansion within Cleveland.

Dozens of other skirmishes were fought over everything from a Kucinich decision to transfer funds from business-oriented "local development corporations" to inner-city sewer expansion, to an administration decision to refuse $40 million in Federal funds for a downtown "People Mover." The basic issue in this summer's police strike was police anger at a Kucinich directive to extend protection to low-income neighborhoods through single-man patrols in housing projects.

The most divisive issue, however, has been the sale of Muny Light. Keeping Muny Light municipally owned is far more than a mere "campaign promise" that Kucinich stubbornly refuses to break, as press reports have indicated. Muny Light is a major economic resource, worth several hundred million dollars, which serves 20 percent of Cleveland's residents, mostly working people. The utility buys its electricity from C.E.I., and after Kucinich took office, he won significantly lower wholesale prices from C.E.I. in a renegotiated contract that meant that Muny Light can offer electricity at lower prices to its customers than can C.E.I. In addition, according to a recent audit, Muny Light has begun to make money for the city for the first time in a decade—$1 million in 1978, with a projected $3 million profit next year.

Muny Light is also at the heart of a $338 million antitrust suit which the city has brought against C.E.I. Buoyed by Nuclear Regulatory Commission findings of significant antitrust violations by C.E.I., and a friend-of-the-court brief filed by the United States Department of Justice, Kucinich maintains that the city can win the suit.

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If C.E.I. succeeds in purchasing Muny Light, it will increase its customers by 46,000; it will be allowed to include Muny Light in its rate-base, thus increasing rates to an extent that opponents claim will make Muny Light pay for itself; it will achieve a total monopoly in setting electricity prices in Cleveland for the indefinite future, and, above all, it will be able to cancel the antitrust suit.

If Kucinich can hold onto Muny Light, he will have a significant source of city revenue, particularly if he wins the antitrust suit, and he will succeed in offering his constituents electricity at a lower rate than the private utility. The "New Urban Populism" will have a concrete public alternative to the kind of noncompetitive private-sector control exemplified by C.E.I.

The high stakes involved in Muny Light have made it the central issue of the default. After the banks refused to refinance, Kucinich offered a compromise. He agreed to a referendum on the sale of Muny Light, along with the separate issue of raising the income tax from 1 to 1.5 percent. Cleveland Trust, in turn, said that it will hold off taking the city into bankruptcy and seizing city assets until the outcome of the vote.

The next phase of the struggle will be the battle over these two questions, which will be voted upon on February 27. Kucinich has said he will campaign strenuously for the income tax measure and against the sale of Muny Light. His opponents, probably led by City Council president George Forbes, will probably concentrate on campaigning for the sale of Muny Light. (Forbes was recently indicted for accepting bribes from gambling operators. His defense counsel is Squires, Sanders and Dempsey, which also represents C.E.I.)

Whatever happens in the upcoming referendum, it will represent only one more campaign in an ongoing war. Dennis Kucinich has shown no signs of backing down from what he regards as a fight against business privilege. The business community, in turn, seems determined to do whatever is necessary to oust him from office. After the referendum fight, the next big battle will be in the summer and fall of 1979, as Kucinich runs for re-election.

Whatever happens in the upcoming mayoralty race, it seems clear that Cleveland will remain a battleground for populist causes for years to come. For neither the issues raised by Kucinich nor he and his supporters are going anywhere. It is important to remember that they have a solid base in the working-class neighborhoods of Cleveland. As *Newsweek* recently noted, "Kucinich still seems enormously popular in the ethnic wards that elected him—and elsewhere as well."

Dennis Kucinich has been an elected official for ten years now. He has brought dozens of young people into politics and government. The basic economic problems faced by their constituents are likely to intensify in the years to come. Their own commitment to solving these problems is likely to intensify as well.

The rest of the country might also do well to take more serious note of what is occurring in Cleveland Cleveland is somewhat different from other cities because of the particularly cohesive nature of its ethnic working neighborhoods, and the power of its corporate elite (the city is the headquarters of twenty-three *Fortune* 500 firms, third after New York and Chicago). And Kucinich is an unusual politician.

Such factors, however, only account for Cleveland's being ahead of its time. The real problems underlying Cleveland's crisis are shared by most cities around the country. Kucinich is only able to raise his issues because, like most cities, Cleveland's residents are facing a deteriorating standard of living, level of services and general quality of life. His movement may well be the forerunner of a new urban electoral populism, focused on working-class issues, which could sweep this country in the decade to come. □

JUDGE WATCH: PART 2

Byrd's Ploy, Adlai's Pals

DOROTHY J. SAMUELS and
JAMES A. GOODMAN

"I did precisely what the President, in a handwritten letter, asked me to do," Virginia Senator Harry Byrd Jr. recently remarked, defending the list of ten candidates his judicial selection commissions recommended for Virginia's four new judgeships. The letter Byrd refers to was sent to Democratic Senators and there is speculation that Byrd, an Independent, may have received it by mistake.

President Carter, noting the absence of minorities and women from the Byrd list, has threatened to leave the Virginia judgeships vacant, unless Byrd presents a more "balanced" slate of candidates. Byrd, however, has refused to budge, saying he is "morally committed" to the recommendations made by the commissions formed at Carter's request in the letter.

This first confrontation over the selection of the 152 new judgeships created by the Omnibus Judgeship Act will test whether the President can overcome the tradition of Senatorial control over judicial selection and force a Senator to back down on candidates that he has publicly endorsed. The implications of such a conflict are far-reaching. Previous Presidents have dropped Senatorial nominees opposed by the American Bar Association. But never before has a President rejected the choices of a Senator simply because of the exclusion of minorities and women.

Dorothy Samuels is the executive director and James Goodman is the Washington, D.C. representative of the Committee for Public Justice, a national civil liberties organization.

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The story of the Virginia judgeships acquires added significance because it involves a Senator who honored Carter's request to form "merit" commissions for Federal judge selection. A closer look at what happened in Virginia shows how the use of commissions, without accompanying steps to open up the selection process, can become a cloak of legitimacy for an undemocratic method of picking judges.

The present conflict in Virginia goes back to May 1977, when Senator Byrd established selection commissions in anticipation of Virginia's four new judgeships. The two nine-member commissions had just the right window dressing. Each had a token black and a woman. Each had a number of nonlawyers. The heads of both commissions even flew to Chicago and consulted with the American Judicature Society, long a leading proponent of judicial reform. And once having created the commissions, Byrd distanced himself from their deliberations.

Byrd's commissions were not the showpieces they seemed, however. To begin with, the commissions were more political than they looked. Federal Election Commission records show that five of the commission members were contributors to Byrd's 1976 Senate campaign. Moreover, it is no wonder that Byrd did not feel compelled to meddle in the workings of his commissions. Most of the thirteen attorneys who served on the two panels are well rooted in Virginia's legal establishment—one of the most conservative forces in Virginia and a mainstay of the Byrd machine. A prime example of this unhealthy political mix is J. Sloan Kuykendall, chairman of the Byrd commission for western Virginia: A former president of the Virginia State Bar, Kuykendall contributed $900 to Byrd's 1976 Senate campaign.

Further, the "informal guidelines" used by the commissions placed a premium on judicial experience. Seven of the ten candidates recommended by the commissions are circuit judges—the highest level trial judge in Virginia's state court system—and another candidate is a former state judge. This emphasis on judicial experience virtually assured the exclusion of minorities and women—there is but one black and not a single woman among Virginia's 107 circuit judges—and guaranteed that the candidates would be conservative in outlook. The weakening of the Byrd dynasty under Harry Byrd Jr. has somewhat diminished the circuit judges' power, but they still wield considerable political influence through the appointments and decisions they make. The selection of circuit judges continues to be controlled by local bar organizations, some of which were openly segregationist well into the 1960s.

Given the way the Byrd commissions were weighted in terms of politics and priorities, it is not surprising that they made no affirmative effort to seek out qualified minorities and women, as required under the "standards and guidelines" President Carter issued for judicial selection. (The Byrd commissions completed their work by February 1978, more than eight months before the Judgeship Act was signed and Carter's "standards and guidelines" were issued.) Even the most obvious sources for names of qualified minority and women judge candidates went unexplored. The Byrd commissions, for example, failed to consult with the state chapter of the N.A.A.C.P. Nor did the commissions seek advice from the Old Dominion Bar Association, the predominantly black bar group in Virginia, and they gave its unsolicited recommendations short shrift. Nor did the commissions consult with the major women's groups in the state—NOW, the League of Women Voters, and the Women's Action Equity League. Noel Taylor, the only black member of the western commission, provided further evidence of the Byrd commissions' failure to comply with Carter's guidelines when he remarked that had the commissions known ahead of time about the insistence that minorities and women be included, an affirmative effort would have been made.

Instead, the commissions appear to have relied extensively upon local bar groups for recommendations and advice. Thomas Downing, the former Congressman who chaired Byrd's eastern commission, acknowledges that this was the case with his commission. He says that commission members freely consulted with area bar associations during the screening of candidates, and that a "considerable number" of the forty-five candidates reviewed by the eastern commission had their names submitted by these bar associations.

This dependence by the commissions upon the local bar meant that minorities, women and others outside Virginia's legal establishment were not given a fair shake. The forty-five candidates reviewed by Downing's commission included seven blacks, but James Sheffield—Virginia's one black circuit judge—was not even granted an interview. Incredibly, there was not one woman among the forty-five. (This glaring omission seems to have caused some concern among commission members. Near the end of its work, the eastern commission dispatched its sole woman member, Mildred Slater, on a talent hunt. According to

JUDGESHIP PROJECT

This is the second in a series of articles by Dorothy Samuels and James Goodman of the Committee for Public Justice monitoring the selection of 152 Federal judges under the Omnibus Judgeship Act of 1978. Their reports incorporate information from a network of regional correspondents in civil rights and civil liberties groups, and from social activists and journalists across the country. Readers of *The Nation* are invited to participate by sending local newspaper clippings or personal observations on Federal judgeship candidates to the Committee for Public Justice, 22 East 40th St., New York, N.Y. 10016.

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Downing, Slater reported back that there was not a single woman attorney in the entire eastern half of Virginia qualified enough to be placed on the commission's list.)

The A.C.L.U., the N.A.A.C.P and other civil and women's rights activists in Virginia, as well as the Judicial Selection Project—a new coalition based in Washington which is working toward increasing the representation of minorities, women and public interest lawyers on the Federal bench—have focused national attention on the Virginia judgeships and helped force Carter's hand by meeting with top Justice Department and White House officials. But the activists were not always well received in Virginia.

JUDICIARY PROGRESS REPORT

Nominations in Progress: Recommendations for about one-third of the 117 newly created Federal District Court judgeships have now been submitted by Senators to the Justice Department. A number of these have already been approved by the Carter Administration for F.B.I. background checks and subsequent nomination. The citizen panels Carter created by executive order to recommend candidates for Federal Circuit Court judgeships are expected to begin submitting their choices for the thirty-five new judgeships in February. Although the panels were intended to remove the selection of Circuit Court judges from Senatorial patronage, politics is still a factor as witnessed by the numerous early supporters of Carter's Presidential bid placed on the panels. To assure greater representation of minorities and women, Carter has indicated that he will refrain from making nominations in a given state until all recommendations for that state are in.

The Clauss Nomination: Last Congress, the nomination of Carin Clauss to a district judgeship in Washington, D.C. was sidetracked when the American Bar Association objected to her lack of trial experience. Clauss, the Labor Department's top legal officer, has spent fourteen years enforcing labor laws—a credential that has not much impressed the A.B.A. Clauss was a choice of the District of Columbia judicial screening panel, one of about twenty commissions for district judge selection now in operation.

While trial experience is important, the A.B.A. has given this factor undue emphasis and has used it to exclude nominees with other equally valuable credentials for the judiciary. The A.B.A. appears to have softened somewhat its requirement of trial experience in the Clauss nomination, agreeing to reconsider its opposition after she participated in trial work during the summer, but it has not ruled out opposing Clauss on other grounds. In any event, the Justice Department plans to resubmit the Clauss nomination, with or without A.B.A. support.

Friendly Selections: A review of Carter's judgeship appointments during his first two years in office appearing in the November 1978 issue of *Judicature*, the publication of the American Judicature Society, finds that about one-half of Carter's nominees are politically connected. The early returns on the new judgeships indicate that this trend is likely to continue. Such party faithfuls as Avern Cohn, a major Democratic fund-raiser in Michigan, former Missouri Congressman William Hungate and Harold Barefoot Sanders, the 1972 Democratic nominee for United States Senate in Texas, are among those recently recommended for new judgeships in their states.

Candidates Wanted: The Washington, D.C.-based Judicial Selection Project, which seeks to increase the representation of minorities, women and public interest lawyers on the Federal bench, has sent out about 1,500 letters to all areas of the country encouraging qualified individuals to apply for judgeship openings in their states. In the Justice Department, Assistant Attorneys General Barbara Babcock and Drew Days have been assigned by Attorney General Bell to compile lists of qualified minorities and women, so that Senators cannot claim that such candidates are unavailable. In a recent letter to President Carter, the Judicial Selection Project, pointing out the inadequate affirmative-action efforts in Virginia and Illinois (described in the accompanying article) noted that they were not the only states where this was true. All-white-male recommendations have been submitted in Louisiana, Missouri and Oregon as well. The Judicial Selection Project urges the President to send these recommendations back for further consideration.

Your Own Judge: One might hope that Georgia—home state of President Carter and Attorney General Bell—would be a model in judge selection. But Georgia's senior Senator, Herman Talmadge, who may become a target of a Federal criminal investigation into his office's financial dealings, has continued to play an active role in choosing the state's six new Federal judges. Recently, the Senate Select Committee on Ethics adopted a preliminary report which finds "substantial credible evidence" that Talmadge committed a number of "possible improprieties" in the conduct of his financial affairs. Although Talmadge and Sam Nunn, Georgia's other Democratic Senator, formed a commission to recommend judgeship candidates, this has not precluded Bell from meeting with Talmadge to discuss the Georgia nominations. Everyone should be so lucky to have a hand in picking the judge who may hear his case.

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heir meeting with White House officials prompted *he Richmond News Leader* to call upon the President o reject the importunings of the ideological individ- als championing fanatical mediocrity. . . ."

President Carter's threat to leave the Virginia idgeships vacant, unless Byrd reconsiders his list, is dmirable, but it raises several questions. Does the act that Senator Byrd is an Independent (who split ith the growing liberal ranks of Virginia's Demo- ratic Party) make him an easy target? Will Carter ct with a similar toughness when dealing with Dem- cratic Senators? Will Carter hold the line in Vir- inia once the pressure dies down? Will Carter ermit Byrd to add a black or a women and still keep he other very run-of-the-mill candidates? Does Car- er's interest in broadening the composition of the ederal judiciary extend beyond affirmative action o assuring a more "balanced" bench in terms of legal xperience, background and philosophy?

These are some of the questions that arise with regard to judicial selection in Illinois, where Democratic Senator Adlai Stevenson, a strong opponent of the "merit" commissions urged by Carter, recently submitted the names of three white male lawyers to fill the state's three new judgeships. "Diversity of opinion and background is desirable," Stevenson wrote in the November issue of the *American Bar Journal*, but, "[a] formal commission produces the reverse—conformity and conventional wisdom." Stevenson, who took over Federal judicial selection in Illinois from Republican Senator Charles Percy after the election of President Carter, informally consults with as many as five state and local bar organizations, from the establishment Chicago Bar Association to the reformist Chicago Council of Lawyers, before making his recommendations on appointments to the Justice Department. The bar groups rate lists of candidates submitted to them by the Senator, but their evaluations are not binding.

The use of the bar groups in this advisory capacity began with Percy, who worked closely with the Council of Lawyers to move the selection process away from the straight cronyism of the Daley machine—a task, no doubt, made easier by the fact that Percy is not a Democrat. While patronage was certainly a factor in many of Percy's choices, he also appointed several outstanding independent Democrats. His Republican selections, most often G.O.P. activists, were generally qualified. Among Percy's judicial appointments was one black. He also recommended a woman whose nomination was blocked because the A.B.A. objected to her lack of trial experience.

Under Stevenson, patronage has made a comeback of sorts. This is evident in Stevenson's most recent recommendations. James Moran, an attorney with a large Chicago corporate firm, was Stevenson's law school classmate; Marvin Aspen, a state judge, worked his way up the Daley patronage ladder, and Warren Wolfson, also a state judge, reportedly landed that job through the influence of Mayor Daley, who had Wolfson named to a state judgeship hours after Chicago police represented by Wolfson were not indicted by a Cook County grand jury investigating police spying.

To be sure, much more could be said about the credentials of these three—all of whom appear to have the qualifications for the Federal bench. Moran, for example, has been active in civil rights causes, while Wolfson is considered a talented defense attorney. But, as one observer of the Stevenson choices remarked, these people probably would not have been selected if personal and political contacts were not factors. There has also been criticism from those involved in the selection process that the names Stevenson circulated to the bar groups for comment were not of equal caliber to the pool Percy selected from, and that talented women lacking political pull were completely overlooked.

Despite the difference in the methods used, Federal judge selection in Virginia and in Illinois remains largely a closed process. Minorities and women had little say in either case—and were not among the candidates selected. The Virginia experience is particularly revealing because it shows how commissions can go wrong even without any conscious effort to undermine them. In both states, the sources that have traditionally fed the judiciary continue to play the dominant role. □

Right-to-Work

(Continued from Front Cover)

a message that the N.R.W.L.D.F. spent $100,000 getting across in 1977-78 through ads placed in leading liberal opinion magazines. All the emotionally charged ads relate case histories of sympathetic, independent working people who just want to be left alone. In one way or another each becomes a victim of a union. Ms. King loses her job; Sammy Kirkland is beaten up; Ollie Robertson's dues are doubled without his being able to vote on it; Teri DeLoache and Karin Seritis are propositioned by the union secretary, and so on.

Though their sponsor would deny it, these ads are designed to tarnish the image of labor unions. They effectively tap and encourage the American public's growing disenchantment with organized labor and its loss of strength among workers themselves. (See Thomas Ferguson and Joel Rogers, "Labor Law Reform and Its Enemies," *The Nation*, January 6-13).

Most commentators agree that the unions themselves are partially to blame for their plight, but the N.R.W.L.D.F.'s ads represent an important factor that has been ignored: the rise of anti-union politicians and organizations that have taken their crusade into the courts and the legislatures. Washington-

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based Group Research Inc., which monitors right-wing activities, has compiled a list of anti-union groups that have sprung up within the past couple of years. There is the Center on National Labor Policy, whose advisers include such openly anti-labor Senators as Orrin Hatch (R., Utah) and Jesse Helms (R., N.C.), which provides legal help for "victims of union abuse." Americans Against Union Control of Government, with a budget of $3 million and a staff of twenty, opposes pro-union measures in state legislatures. The Committee to Defeat the Union Bosses' Candidates, whose name tells it all, was formed in 1977 with the help of a fund-raising letter from Representative Larry McDonald (D., Ga.), a member of the John Birch Society's National Council. And the Fund to Stop Big Labor, formed in 1977 by Joseph Coors's Heritage Foundation, fights unionism in the military and among other public employees.

The most powerful of all these groups—and the centerpiece of the current war against unions—is the National Right to Work Committee (N.R.W.C.) and its spinoff, the National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation, the same people who brought you the misleading Peggie Ann King ad. Former Representative Fred Hartley, Virginia manufacturer Edwin Dillard, a few other Southern businessmen and some token union dissidents founded the committee in 1955 as a lobbying and public relations operation. Following the historical lead of such employer groups as the National Association of Manufacturers and the United States Chamber of Commerce, its single-minded goal has been to undermine every form of union security.

Although the Taft-Hartley Act of 1947 banned closed-shop agreements, under which an employer may hire only members of the union, two forms of union security remain: (*1*) the union shop, under which new employees, if not already union members, are required to join; (*2*) the agency shop, under which employees do not have to belong to the union but must pay it a fee for representing them in collective bargaining.

The N.R.W.C. has taken aim at both these arrangements. Using as its chief weapon a loophole in the Taft-Hartley Act, it lobbies and propagandizes for "right-to-work" laws, which ban all arrangements but the open shop, under which employees may hold jobs and receive union-won wages and benefits even if they are not union members. Seventeen states had such laws when the committee began its work in 1955. Today twenty states have them, mostly in the South, where a union tradition has never developed.

And in those twenty-three years the committee itself has grown from a parochial right-wing group—its first chairman endorsed the John Birch Society—into a sophisticated, heavily financed propaganda machine boasting a staff of sixty-eight and a budget of more than $6 million. With the help of right-wing fund-raising whiz Richard Viguerie, the committee has put together one of the most elaborate direct-mail operations in the country. It claims to have a list c 300,000 active contributors plus a file of a million otl ers who have responded positively to solicitations.

Since 1968 the National Right to Work Lega Defense Foundation has carried the attack on unio security into the courts. The two nonprofit groups which share labyrinthine offices in Fairfax, Va., ar legally separate entities. But Reed Larson, a forme Kansas Jaycee, heads both of them, and their board interlock. According to Larson, the foundation has it own staff of fifty-five, including thirteen attorneys and a budget of $3.2 million. Currently, the founda tion is handling 100 lawsuits in thirty states on behal of workers against their unions and, in a few cases their employers, too. The foundation says it ha broad-based citizen support—200,000 contributors i all, 125,000 on the active file.

Just who are all these eager contributors? Some ar hard-core right-wingers. Some are disaffected for mer union members. But ten unions that have brought suit against the committee and the founda tion charge that both organizations get most of thei funds from the most traditional of union foes—employers. The unions claim that the committee and the foundation, by fomenting and financing lawsuits against the unions by their members, are violating a provision of the Landrum-Griffin Act that prohibits "interested employers" from interfering in employees' relationships with their unions. They are seeking an injunction to halt the foundation's suits, and they want the committee and the foundation to reveal their true patrons by disclosing their contributor lists to the Department of Labor.

In a deposition in the case, committee president Reed Larson admitted that at least 84 percent of the committee's and at least 44 percent of the foundation's contributions in 1973 came from self-identified employers. But Joseph Rauh, attorney for the unions, wants to determine more precisely who is behind the activities of the committee and the foundation. In 1974 he got Federal Judge Charles Richey to order the foundation to provide the names of a representative sample of its contributors. The foundation refused, arguing that those identified would be subject to union retribution.

Even if Rauh eventually succeeds in obtaining the contributor list, he and the unions still face an uphill battle to win their suit and stop the foundation's anti-union thrusts. The District of Columbia Circuit Court of Appeals ruled last November that Rauh must prove that employers not only fund the foundation's lawsuits but also control them. It ordered the case to be retried in the lower court, a process that could take years.

"All the court said," grumbles Rauh, "was that employers who stand to gain economically by hurting unions with lawsuits now have a way to get away with it. They can channel their money through a bona fide legal aid organization that they don't directly control."

Rex Reed, legal director of the foundation, doubts

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hat Rauh can prove control. "No employer ever tells us which cases to litigate," he says. "We never take a case of a client who is employed by one of our contributors. Contributors can't earmark their contributions for any specific litigation. All our legal work is controlled in-house by us." Proving control in that narrow sense would be difficult, Rauh concedes, but he believes "the true proof of control is the result. All the foundation's suits are attacks on unions."

Reed freely admits that the foundation spends about three-quarters of its litigation budget on cases that attempt to change existing labor law to further restrict union membership, union dues obligations and treasuries, and union freedom of political action. None of these cases has set an important new precedent yet. But, Rauh says, "They are effective in that they force unions to waste great amounts of money. It costs just as much to defend a bad suit as a good one." Rauh doesn't know how much the foundation's 150 lawsuits have cost organized labor since 1968 but, to get an idea, two of the major ones he handled cost the unions nearly $200,000 each.

That's quite a drain of funds that unions could use for organizing. Still, the foundation's suits have not damaged labor nearly as much as the committee's lobbying and propaganda. The committee's official stance, according to Larson, is neither anti-union nor pro-union, but its monthly newsletter contains such evocative headlines as "Union Officials Called to Account for Terrorism" and "Marshall Seen as Big Labor Lackey." Its catalogue is packed with such entries as: "*Let Our Cities Burn* by Ralph de Toledano . . . Here's how Jerry Wurf and the bosses of the fast-growing fire, police, and teacher unions plan to bring America's cities and urban dwellers to their knees." In addition, the committee lends out five films about unionism to anyone who's interested. One of these, *And Women Must Weep*, purports to be an accurate account of a wildcat strike in Princeton, Ind., in 1958. The film depicts a clique of eleven persons deciding to strike, when in fact the strike meeting was attended by 300 to 400 people. It portrays all the pickets as men, though in fact they were 80 percent women. And it shows a 4-month-old baby being shot in the head in strike violence; in fact, no evidence ever connected the union with the shooting.

Most of the committee's recent literature, though equally manipulative, is less obvious. It uses a host of appealing phrases—"academic freedom," "human rights," "freedom of choice,"—to make its anti-union message palatable to a broader audience. And Reed Larson now talks about the more "subtle" effects of a right-to-work law. "It makes union officials less secure because they know they can't keep their members if they are irresponsible," he asserts. "The union leadership in right-to-work states is thus more concerned about the dues-paying members."

Such a barrage is difficult to combat. "We don't have the P.R. budget to compete with them," says Ben

Albert, publicity director of the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s Committee on Political Education. "We just try to keep right-to-work laws off the books and let legislators know we are not so bad."

Last year, the unions beat back a right-to-work initiative in Missouri, the first such measure on a state ballot in fourteen years. In June, polls showed 57 percent of the voters favoring the proposal. But the unions formed a coalition called the United Labor Committee, brought in a former Kennedy campaign organizer to run a massive direct-mail and phone operation, and won in November by a 3-to-2 margin. "Missouri was a defeat for us," admits Larson. "But it's a highly unionized state. If you stalk the bear in his lair, what do you expect?"

Since 1970 the committee has embarked on other wide-ranging anti-union projects. For instance, in the early 1970s, it helped organize opposition to the United Farm Workers boycott of table grapes, distributing bumper stickers that urged consumers to "Buy California Grapes." While direct mail remains the group's specialty, it has two full-time and five occasional lobbyists on Capitol Hill. "Mostly we provide information to our friends in Congress so they can argue more effectively on the issues," says Larson.

Though it's hard to measure such things, the committee's lobbying in Congress has apparently paid off. The Postal Reorganization Act of 1970 did not contain a right-to-work provision until the committee's grassroots mail campaign forced Congress to add one. And in 1976 the committee spent $800,000 and sent four million letters to stop Senate passage of a bill allowing unions to picket in support of other unions at a

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"common situs" such as a construction project. The mailing produced 700,000 letters to the White House, and President Ford vetoed the bill.

In 1977 the committee pumped more than $2 million into a campaign to defeat the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s number-one legislative priority, the Labor Law Reform Act. "We sent out eight million pieces of mail at the end of 1977 to make the issue controversial immediately and move it behind the Panama Canal treaty on the agenda," says Larson. "We generated more than two million pieces of mail hostile to the bill. We also took forty full-page newspaper ads in the home states of Senators who favored the bill." Senate Majority Leader Robert Byrd postponed consideration of the bill for three months, and ultimately it was killed.

In the next session of Congress, Larson vows that the committee will oppose the unions' effort to make it easier to invoke the cloture rule against a filibuster. And he intends to battle the public finance bill unless a provision is added to limit union political activity.

Also this year the foundation plans to expand its advertising campaign. "We'd like to reach more of a working audience," says publicity director James Taylor, "perhaps in magazines like *True*. We want working people to know that we exist and that we'd like to help them."

Last year's ads, designed by the Lee Edwards agency of Washington, were published mostly in intellectual opinion-making magazines such as *The New Republic*, *The New York Review of Books* and *Commentary*. The foundation claims it has received about 100 responses for every ad published, nearly all positive. Some labor leaders argue that liberal publications should take a moral stand for unions and refuse to publish the ads—particularly one like the Peggie Ann King ad, which is misleading at best.

Publishers and editors at some of the magazines said they had qualms about publishing the ads, but none bothered to check them for accuracy. All decided that the ads fell within the bounds of legitimate political debate. Managing editor Michael Kinsley of *The New Republic*, for example, said that his magazine printed the foundation's ads, "because we need the money and because we're not afraid of what they have to say."

But the question lingers: Why should friends of labor feel obligated to help its enemies spread anti-union propaganda? Having learned too late that both the civil rights and the anti-Vietnam War movements were crippled, in part, by a concerted F.B.I. program to destroy them, those sympathetic to labor should be aware that a war against unionism is on, and the National Right to Work Committee and Legal Defense Foundation are its high command. Honest unions, imperfect as they are, need support. If they don't get it, ten years from now a pundit in a liberal magazine will no doubt be addressing a subject that perplexes him: "Whatever Happened to the Labor Movement"? □

Advertisement

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Diems, Thieus, Shahs, Pinochets, Somozas, Rhees, Parks, Marcoses, Chiangs, etc. etc.

Assassin dolls for Lumumba (Zaire) and General Schneider (Chile), Colonels (Greece, Brazil) Generals (Argentina, Spain, Guatemala) Mobutus for the African trade. Marine dolls (Santo Domingo, Nicaragua)

One model failed - General Miceli caught with $900,000 of CIA cash to make a coup last year in Italy. Jailed and now out on bail.

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Notes for A Supreme Fiction

RICHARD FALK

AMERICA IN VIETNAM. *By Guenter Lewy. Oxford University Press. 540 p. $19.95.*

This self-proclaimed major study of the American failure in Vietnam plays on and with our image of the scholar as neutral expert. It puts itself forward as a superior interpretation of the Vietnam experience that is more complex than ideologues on either side could allow." Although Lewy modestly makes no claim to have overcome all of the difficulties which confront the search for 'the truth' about Vietnam," he asserts that "previously untapped sources . . clarify the most important, hitherto contested, issues of the war" and that his "major findings are supported by evidence which stands up under critical scrutiny." And, most of all, he would have us believe that his is "a searching and disinterested study," whose only serious limitation is that it is written before all the archival material on Vietnam has been released.

Nowhere are we informed of Lewy's own partisanship—that he, for instance, was a signatory of a pro-war ad that appeared in *The New York Times* on December 10, 1965, under the banner "We Support American Policy in Vietnam," or that he was one of the few academics in western Massachusetts who would take the Administration side in debates on Vietnam policy. We could not expect such disclosures since Lewy could not have qualified them, as so many others did, by admitting that he supported the war until, say, the assassination of Ngo Dinh Diem (1963), the bombing of North Vietnam (February 1965), or the Tet Offensive (1968). All indications in his book suggest continuing support, to acknowledge which would rupture his claim of scholarly objectivity.

These "credentials" have been suppressed in order to promote the book as the first objective study of the Vietnam era, one that "happens" to support the view that the United States was sensible and upright in its long endeavor to save South Vietnam from the menace of Communism. Lewy's central conclusion is that the failure of the war was largely a result of incompetence, and that nothing about the deeper side of the Vietnam experience should lead Americans to look back with shame. Lewy is especially eager to discredit the leadership of the anti-war movement, which he treats as a manifestation of anti-American hysteria, the product of ill-informed and alienated intellectuals. To sustain this contention, he relies heavily on the argument that the American war effort in Vietnam conformed, as well as possible and better than in other major wars of the century, to the standards of international law and morality. Above all, Lewy wants to invalidate the "no more Vietnams" attitude that he seems to equate, after the manner of Norman Podhoretz and the *Commentary* crowd, with appeasement and making the world safe for Communism. In essence, Lewy has written a cold-war tract in the guise of setting the record straight on Vietnam.

The book begins with a detailed narration of the course of the war, including the shifts and turns of military strategy. He tries to demonstrate that the American side lost the war because it adopted a wrongheaded military approach. In this regard, Lewy's interpretation is critical of much of the Washington-based leadership, as well as of the military command. He finds that civilian advisers on the scene were overly inhibited by Washington guidelines on the sovereign rights of South Vietnam, and therefore failed to take over the direct political and social administration of the society from their South Vietnamese counterparts. In effect, and Lewy acknowledges this, it would have been desirable for the United States to have become "the good colonialist" as well as, to use John McNaughton's notorious phrase in the Pentagon Papers, "the good doctor." Lewy's views here are not original; they echo those of such pacification gurus as Robert Komer, John Paul Vann, Sir Robert Thompson and Col. Edward Lansdale, who are quoted with deference throughout the book. That is, Lewy is a counterinsurgency buff who wants us to believe that the war was lost because the generals, the Washington bureaucrats, and the peaceniks got in the way. He endorses the notion of "Vietnamization," but thinks it began too late and without sufficient emphasis on the correlated tasks associated with winning the so-called "other war" for "hearts and minds."

Such an interpretative line seems highly dubious given the fate of other colonialists in this century, but it rests on rearguing the tactics of the war, and cannot therefore be convincingly shown one way or the other. In any event, it is not on such matters that Lewy rests his special claim to serve as neutral expert with access to the best evidence. His supposed advantage rests on his discussion of whether American official policies encouraged or were responsible for the systematic commission of war crimes. Here, Lewy feels that the records he scrutinized at the Department of Defense clear the United States of any charges of immoral or criminal conduct, that the tactics used in Vietnam were in general morally reasonable, and that the military and civilian policy makers were careful throughout the war to avoid unnecessary civilian casualties given their military mission. Moreover, Lewy finds that those on the other side were indeed mass terrorists who spearheaded the conquest of South Vietnam on behalf of a foreign aggression insidiously and illegally directed from Hanoi. In effect, Lewy endorses at this late date the official American justification for being in Vietnam as fully as Dean Rusk or Walt Rostow did at the height of the war.

What gives such a banal, discredited line of argument some bite is that Lewy intertwines it with his diatribe against the anti-war intellectuals and piously invokes the postwar troubles in Indochina as a kind of retroactive vindication of the earlier exploits: "Indeed, the sad fate of the people of Indochina since 1975 lends strength to the view that the American attempt to prevent a Communist domination of the area was not without moral justification." In trying to help America recover from its Vietnam hangover, Lewy resembles those Japanese militarists who scorn "the nuclear allergy" as an overreaction to Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Lewy is, for instance, upset about post-Vietnam scrutiny of the C.I.A.: "The current moralizing about covert operations represents another overreaction to Viet-

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nam." As if he discovered *Realpolitik* for the first time, Lewy pompously informs us that ". . . in the final analysis the statesman cannot be a saint," as if the only alternative to criminality in the international sphere is saintliness. This grotesque polarization of choice naturally allows him to endorse virtually everything done in the war zone as pursuant to the ". . . requirements of power and national survival."

Nothing gives his biases away so decisively as does his use of language. Throughout the book Lewy describes American behavior in the jargon of the defense establishment: "Based on the directives issued by MACV, subordinate commands down to the brigade level promulgated their own ROE or standard operating procedures (SOPs)." Dozens more examples could be given. The reliance on such dehumanized official language is, above all, an expression of the degree to which Lewy has assimilated the framework of the Vietnam war makers. It is suitable for an official history to be read by insiders, but hardly for a work of scholarship.

What makes it worse is that Lewy couples the morally neutralizing language used for American behavior with the propagandist's inflamed presentation of the adversary. There are no references to the National Liberation Front, only to the Vietcong or the enemy. While sympathetically describing the American dilemma in carrying on a counterinsurgency war in a distant Asian country, Lewy lays responsibility for the suffering in Vietnam on the N.L.F. and North Vietnam for having ". . . chosen a mode of conflict that puts a premium on new savagery and inhumanity." Or consider this extraordinary aside: "The VC/NVA's practice of 'clutching the people to their breast' added to the difficulty of protecting the civilian population." Lewy forgets, or never wanted to know, that "the VC/NVA" were the people of Vietnam fighting against a foreign imperial power and its unruly, corrupt and unmotivated mercenary army of South Vietnamese recruits. Lewy wants to leave us with the impression that the numerous cruelties of the Vietnam War were either "counterproductive" (that is, they were not effective in the war) or were forced upon the United States by the sinister character of the enemy. In the end, for Lewy the struggle of the people against state power, even in a third-world setting like Vietnam where the state is dominated by foreigners, is indecent, whereas the repressive response by the state is viewed as a practical necessity—one aspect of those requirements of power that only the statesman as saint could forgo.

Lewy's double standard of moral appraisal is everywhere evident, albeit in a sneaky, covert sort of way. When he writes of Saigon's military behavior, however, he lets his scholarly guard down altogether. On Thieu's effort to stem the 1972 Easter offensive, Lewy comments about the appointment of Gen. Ngo Guang Truong as commander of the South Vietnamese forces on the Northern front as follows: "Known as South Vietnam's best general officer, Truong quickly proved his reputation. Orders were issued for the execution of deserters and looters. . . ." I am amazed that Oxford Press's editorial scrutiny let such a sentiment stand.

Lewy reveals even more of himself when he deals with anti-war activities. Commenting on the belated and publicity-starved efforts to gain some attention for various first-hand accounts of war crimes, Lewy writes that "a veritable industry publicizing alleged war crimes" emerged. Anyone who was active at the time knows just how ludicrous this characterization is—what a shoestring operation the exposure of war crimes was, and how hostile the mainstream media remained throughout. It seems to me quite deliberately malicious to imply, as Lewy does, that those who insisted on calling war crimes war crimes even if committed by their own government were animated by some business scheme or other.

Lewy reinforces his polemic on the war by means of a very narrow conception of international law and war crimes. When this legalistic view of law is combined with a very permissive attitude toward "military necessity" as a justification, it enables Lewy to reach what is undoubtedly his most prized conclusion—namely, that despite what critics (such as myself) have alleged, the evidence exonerates the United States and its leadership on all war crimes charges (with some minor exceptions such as some limited liability for Westmoreland). There are two appropriate ways to receive this conclusion: first, to the extent that Lewy is correct about the law, so much the worse for law; second, Lewy's image of the law is by no means accepted by a consensus of experts, since many regard the rules of international law as premised upon an absolute mandate to avoid tactics and weaponry that inflict indiscriminate injury upon the civilian population notwithstanding claims of military necessity. It is by this latter route that the use of C.B.U.s, napal free-fire zones, search-and-destroy m sions were condemned by many inte national lawyers around the world illegal and criminal. Similarly, the co tention of genocide in Vietnam w based on the United States' delibera use of tactics which destroyed the vilian population; such a view of gen cide is based on a reading of tl relevant international treaty provisi and on an interpretation of the underl ing public policy rather than on tl question of whether what the America war makers intended and inflicted the Vietnamese resembled what tl Nazis did to the Jews.

It is not possible to go through the e tire argument here on these issues. requires extended discussion, and b sides it is on these points that Lewy directly criticizing my views, and an refutation could be discounted as sel serving. Suffice it to say that Lewy a knowledges that such tactics as th "rather free use of napalm and attack upon fortified hamlets with artiller and air strikes can be criticized on hu manitarian grounds, and, moreove were often counterproductive." That i for Lewy, "the important lesson of Viet nam . . ." is not my contention tha large-scale counterinsurgency warfar with high technology weaponry inevita bly violates international law, ". . . bu that these tactics in such a setting fre quently do not work and do not accom plish their objectives." And so we hav played out on the terrain of law th basic claim of Vietnam apologists tha the American failure should be treate as nothing more than the outcome of a series of mistakes.

What is so comforting about such mistakes is that they can be corrected New tactics can always be tried, new weaponry developed and deployed, as was the case with the introduction of precision-guided munitions toward the end of the war. With a crime, the policy is condemned at its heart and there is no way to resurrect it or adapt it to a different setting.

For Lewy, in the end, the only convincing lesson of Vietnam is the need to supplant "counterproductive" with "productive" approaches to counterinsurgency warfare in the third world. Somehow, Lewy is unaware of the irony of his own perceptions of the war: ". . . to the end South Vietnamese performance remained the Achilles' heel of the allied effort." Talking of the inability of the pacification efforts to "organize the people politically against the VC" Lewy laments that "this, of course, presupposed the kind of strong anticommunist

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onviction which unfortunately existed ll too rarely." To the end, the people of outh Vietnam never bought the line nat the North Vietnamese were the oreigners and the Americans their aviors, or that it was essential to risk eath and destruction to keep the Communists out of power in the South. Whether we like it or not, the relation of orces and wills was strongly opposed to he American effort, and that effort ould neutralize the situation only so ong as it applied brute force in massive uantities. It is the same message, as et unheard in Washington, that the oeoples of Iran, of Nicaragua, and elsewhere keep sending us.

My first response to Lewy's book was o think of it as somehow equivalent to A.R. Butz's outrageous denial of Nazi enocide in his carefully researched and documented *The Hoax of the Twentieth Century*. But, of course, Butz's 'scholarly" tract is so offensive that it could find only a marginal publisher, and has already become a collector's item, a harmless object of curiosity. Lewy's book, on the contrary, comes bearing testimonials from notables and the imprimatur of a leading publisher. This makes it a real weapon in the ideological campaign to restore American confidence in its imperial destiny in the third world. As such, it thrives on the bacillus of Vietnam that still torments the American body politic. □

Pinocchio Lives

GERALD WEALES

FREE, ADULT, UNCENSORED: The Living History of the Federal Theatre Project. *Edited by John O'Connor and Lorraine Brown. Foreword by John Houseman. Illustrated. New Republic Books. 228 pp. $24.95. Paper $11.95.*

It is almost forty years since the curtain came down on the last productions of the Federal Theatre, since Yasha Frank came up with a new ending for *Pinocchio* that reflected the mixture of anger and grief which then pervaded the project. Pinocchio did not turn into a living boy that night at the Ritz Theater in New York; he turned into a dead one. While the stagehands tore down the sets in front of the audience, the company placed Pinocchio in a pine box bearing the inscription: "Born December 23, 1938: Killed by Act of Congress, June 30, 1939." More conventionally, the cast of *Sing for Your Supper* at the Maxine Elliott joined the audience in "Auld Lang Syne."

No one would question the date of Pinocchio's death but the proclamation designed to express outrage managed, through the other date (that of the New York opening), to illustrate the sense of local pride which ran through the whole project. Pinocchio was actually born on June 3, 1937, when the Children's Unit in Los Angeles first performed the play, but neither he nor the project was "auld" by anyone's count.

Made possible by the Works Progress Administration Act of 1935 and Harry Hopkins's assumption that the unemployed artist had as much right to work at his trade as any other down-on-his-luck American, the Federal Theatre Project was opened officially on August 27, 1935 with the swearing-in of the director, Hallie Flanagan—a remarkable woman who turned out to be able not only to run an experimental theater at Vassar but to administer a nationwide program in the performing arts. It was on this inaugural occasion that Harry Hopkins said, "What we want is a free,

Gerald Weales reviews plays for Commonweal *and teaches drama at the University of Pennsylvania.*

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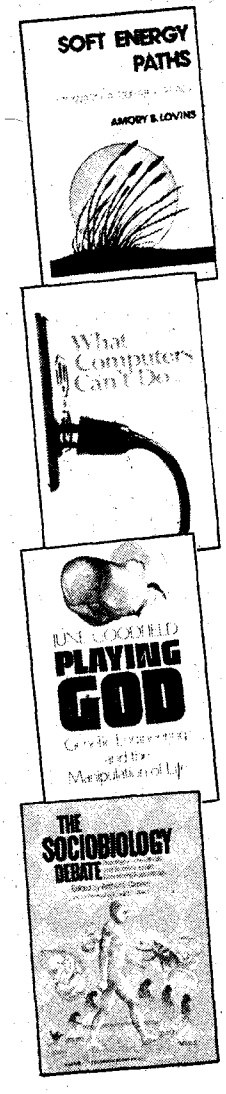

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adult, uncensored theatre." One can read retrospective irony into the statement by recalling that admission—however slight—was charged for the major productions; that playfulness came back into F.T.P. plays, not simply those produced by the children's units but those like the Orson Welles *Horse Eats Hat*, which was apparently un-*adult*erated fun; that the first of the living newspapers, *Ethiopia*, was killed by Washington before it could get on stage, and that local officials often interfered with the work of regional productions. "The Chicago project, however, could scarcely enter into argument with the Mayor," said Hallie Flanagan in *Arena*, commenting on the fate of Meyer Levin's *Model Tenement*. "The play was canceled."

Irony of any kind is too easy. Hopkins's line is indicative of the note of wild hope that heralded the entrance of the arts into the W.P.A. "Belief was the fire that ran through all of us," said Flanagan, and one of the fascinating things about *Arena* is that a book so full of production statistics and critical doubt about individual offerings should continue to celebrate the rebirth of spirit in a region here, an inventive administrator there, a single show elsewhere; that an account of obstacles—Government regulations, internecine quarrels, regional jealousies, political harassment—should remain a chronicle of achievement. The first play went on in New York in January 1936, and in the three-and-a-half years that followed, more than a thousand productions were staged by the widely scattered F.T.P. units; vaudeville companies toured, circuses were opened, an ambitious radio operation flourished.

The F.T.P. was designed, like the other W.P.A. projects, to take men and women off the relief rolls and put them back to work in the arts they knew or to retrain them in allied arts (turn single-act vaudevillians into actors, for instance). The assumption of Flanagan and her staff was that this was not simply a relief operation, that the finished products—the plays, the revues, the children's shows— would be professional, sometimes artistic works that could stand alongside the best commercial theater (in quality, not as competition) and that could reach new audiences. Many of them hoped that the groundwork was being laid for a continuing National Theater. Inevitably, as *Arena* makes clear, much of the work was ordinary, even mediocre, but the F.T.P. provided an occasion—particularly in the more imaginative urban units—for experiments in staging, in lighting, in form and for the risks of inflammatory subject matter. In some instances, no audiences were to be found; in others, the reception was so enthusiastic that a real sense of community developed between audience and performers.

Harry Hopkins warned Hallie Flanagan when she took the job as director that "whatever happens you'll be wrong." So she was. Or the F.T.P. was. Their productions were either amateur offerings or professional jobs so stunning that they had to represent wasted money, wasted time. Their plays were either vapid or revolutionary. Marc Connelly may have fallen out of his seat laughing at *Horse Eats Hat*, but Everett Dirksen was sure it was "salacious tripe." Harry Hopkins may have found *Power* "a great show," praising it as propaganda for the consumer, but the Seattle papers, more concerned for the utilities than their customers, were so outraged that the directors of the production were forced to resign. The attacks on the F.T.P. became serious when the House Un-American Activities Committee took after it in 1938. Martin Dies, Parnell Thomas and Joseph Starnes (he was the one who wanted to know if Christopher Marlowe was a Communist) never had a class act that could match the most ordinary F.T.P. vaudeville troupe playing the C.C.C. camp circuit, but they had better publicity. Their report on the F.T.P. was innocuous enough, but the skids had already been put under the project by the press coverage of the hearings, and in the budget hassles of 1939 "the appeasement policy," as Flanagan called it, went into operation and Federal Theatre, the very visible tip of the New Deal iceberg, was sacrificed to save the W.P.A. appropriation.

What remains of the Federal Theatre? There are still actors, directors, designers and writers at work who were fed, actually and spiritually, by the project. There is an idea still, but it is one that can be used either positively or negatively—as Hallie Flanagan's dream or Parnell Thomas's nightmare—in the arguments over Federal support of the arts. Some legendary productions—the black *Macbeth* that Orson Welles and John Houseman did with the Harlem unit, for instance—still hang in the air, but for the most part the legacy of staging and lighting that the F.T.P. left to contemporary theater has been absorbed, the gift barely acknowledged. Welles's legacy should probably be returned; his gift for remaking the classics has spawned generations of witless transformations as though the trick were moving Macbeth to Haiti, not having Welles on hand to ship the freight. For all the fascination of the living newspaper, the form never lasted beyond the F.T.P.; all that we have are a few of the scripts in print, colorless skeletons without the music, lighting, movement that brought emotional complexity to carefully chosen facts. Except for Paul Green's *The Lost Colony*, which has been playing for forty years in Manteo, N.C., most of the plays written for or first produced by the F.T.P. never became part of the continuing American repertory.

Perhaps it is time for an extended reconsideration of the project, particularly of individual productions. That is the assumption of John O'Connor and Lorraine Brown, associate directors of the Research Center for the Federal Theatre Project at George Mason University in Virginia, where the Library of Congress deposited the F.T.P. records in 1974. That is one of the reasons they have put together *Free, Adult, Uncensored*, which—presumably on the analogy of the living newspapers—they subtitle, "The Living History of the Federal Theatre Project." This "sampler," as they call it, is primarily a picture book, giving some sense of the available materials. Exactly what is at George Mason is a little unclear, but their generalized description suggests that the center has the 749 bound production books, the 222 books of press clippings and the other material the dispensation of which Flanagan worried about when she wrote *Arena* in 1940.

Free, Adult, Uncensored consists of a brief introductory history of the F.T.P. and eighteen sections, each devoted to a single celebrated production (*Horse Eats Hat, Doctor Faustus*), a play that was done in many places (*It Can't Happen Here, S.S. Glencairn*), or a particular kind of theatrical activity

Coming Soon

Ellen Schrecker describes the situation of Marxists on university faculties in "House Marxist."

A section from Noam Chomsky's Book, *Language and Responsibility* (Pantheon) entitled "Ideological Conformity."

Marshall Berman reviews Jerrold Siegel's *Marx's Fate* in an essay entitled "Karl Marx: The Dancer and the Dance."

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vaudeville, dance). The choices have clearly been made to suggest the range of F.T.P. plays—classics, contemporary revivals, new plays, living newspapers, children's plays, productions by black companies, musicals. There are editors' notes to each section, but the presentation is largely a gathering of documentary material. Posters, costume designs, set designs, production stills, publicity photographs, these form the bulk of the visual materials, although there is at least one program, one sheet of music, one clutch of clippings to represent the research on the living newspapers. There are quotations from participants, usually unidentified as to source, but presumably taken from the oral history records that the center has been gathering to augment its holdings.

The book is so clearly put together, like the Avon lady's sample case, to tease rather than to gratify that it is probably wrongheaded of me to complain. Still, only occasionally do the materials come together to give a firm sense of a production. The section on *Injunction Granted* is the most effective. In this case, a production still illustrates a piece of the text and suggests, through the expression on the faces, the satiric note in the playing as well as the situation; Virgil Thomson explains the musical effects desired and how they were attained; Norman Lloyd describes and is pictured as the clown character he developed as a mute commentator on the events; set designs and production stills show what Joseph Losey, the director, had learned about open staging and pantomime ensemble work from the months he studied in Russia. Elsewhere the reader has to settle for nice bits: handsome set designs reproduced in color, occasionally informative comments (James Light on how to play *Bound East to Cardiff*, for instance), pointed or funny anecdotes. There are a great many posters, which reproduce elegantly but which have more to do with the history of graphics in the 1930s than with the productions they advertise. Many of the photographs are unidentified or incompletely identified; many are reproduced on so small a scale that it is difficult to get any sense of the scene depicted. The editors have obviously worked with the material so long that they feel intimately connected with it, falling familiarly into names like Johnny Randolph, Ted Ward, Jimmy Light, which are more appropriate to reminiscence than to historical comment. Sometimes, in their enthusiasm, they oversell, as when they give the F.T.P. the world premiere of *Murder in the Cathedral*, which had already been performed at Canterbury and in London. They are understandably attracted to the famous names that once, almost anonymously, trod F.T.P. boards, but that leads to a false emphasis. One picture caption says that "E.G. Marshall starred as Nick the Crimp in the Chicago production of *Long Voyage Home*," which not only misrepresents the play (Nick is not the leading role) but the whole anti-star policy of the F.T.P.

I am nit-picking, I know, but I expected, wanted so much more from *Free, Adult, Uncensored*. I have enjoyed the book after its fashion, but now that the memorabilia have been exhibited, perhaps we can have detailed studies, based on the production books, of Welles's *Macbeth*, of *Murder in the Cathedral*, of *The Swing Mikado*; histories of the individual units; analyses of the plays first produced by the F.T.P., and the resurrection of any scripts that still might live. It would be too bad if the F.T.P. rose from the archives only to be dressed up prettily and marketed for Christmas. □

Brecht With Holes

BEN SONNENBERG

BRECHT. A Biography. *By Klaus Volker. A Continuum Book. Seabury Press. 412 pp. $14.95.*

Bertolt Brecht once needed a higher grade on a paper already marked. As recalled by a lower-school classmate:

> Having underlined in red ink a number of perfectly correct passages, he took it up and asked in a hurt tone of voice what was wrong with them. The master, forced to admit that nothing was wrong, had no option but to rub out the red lines and reduce the total number of mistakes on the page. This naturally resulted in the marks being changed too.

Volker notes in this a reversal typical of Brecht. It points to the playwright's appearance before the House Un-American Activities Committee in 1947, when at age 49 he again acted with an exemplary cunning submission. It points also to the Brechtian mode of heroic tergiversation practiced by Galileo, Mother Courage and Azdak. And it renders a tension vital to Brecht: his lifelong need for authority at its most executive, and his equally strong but opposite need to subvert it and show it up.

The tension perhaps? Then the epoch was right. Brecht was born in Augsburg, Bavaria, in 1898. Volker sketches his life after World War I in very familiar detail: filled with casual sedition, walks in the country, tobacco, cars and sports, and crammed with movies, plays, cabarets, all in an atmosphere of discredited national government, adult demoralization, and widespread financial depression. Surely no one, however gifted, growing up in such an age, could become a national poet to the extent that Brecht later did without seeing all state authority in unusually painful personal terms? But the inference springs less from this long, long book than from Brecht's own *A Man's a Man*, supported by general studies like Kracauer's *From Caligari to Hitler* and Arendt's *Origins of Totalitarianism*. A problem for many with Volker will be that consideration of Brecht can begin at a level higher than his, because we have good translations and the period is famous.

Still, for young American actors a straightforward record would be of use. Stage productions of Brecht, in New York anyway, tend to be a chore. Probably actors don't understand why a mentally active audience was imperative to Brecht. I'm certain it doesn't cross the minds of nearly enough directors. Devices meant by Brecht to insure a high degree of alertness are not infrequently misunderstood as mannerisms or "fingerprints." On stage, as a consequence, Brecht often is strenuous, arid, and fussy. A good lucid life, not ashamed to explain, would be a valuable help. It could, so to speak, domesticate Brecht to the uses of many actors by exposing at least the psychology of a dialectical theater.

Klaus Volker is an editor of Brecht's *Gesammelte Werke* and the author of the *Brecht Chronicle* (Seabury Press) of

Ben Sonnenberg has translated Fernand Crommelynck's Les Amants puerils *and is the author of* Jane Street *and other plays. He lectures at the Juilliard School.*

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a few years ago, as well as (to quote the jacket) "a director of plays on the major stages of Germany and Switzerland." Not surprisingly, Volker's life of Brecht is painstaking, systematic, detailed, learned as to the poems and plays, and scrupulous as to sources. Alas, it is disappointing, both inadequate for scholars and misleading for actors. Even to me, a nonspecialist, it is full of holes. For all its assembly of matter and authority of tone, it scants interpretation of Brecht's Stalinism, absorbtion of Marx, and paradigmatic involvements with Walter Benjamin and Erwin Piscator. Its account of Brecht's work on the movie *Kuhle Wampe* is poor. Less excusably, it is vague about Brecht's parents and brother, marriage with Helene Weigel, and his emotions generally. It is notably unsatisfactory on Brecht's theater work. It dilates on the influence of the Munich comedian Karl Valentin, known to us from Martin Esslin's *Theatre of the Absurd*; but as to Brecht and the major directors, Max Reinhardt and Vsevolod Meyerhold, Volker restricts discussion to the circumstantial. He refers not at all to Meyerhold's 1922 production of Crommelynck's *Le Cocu magnifique*, the very renown of which struck Brecht, due to his precocious interest in the great Franco-Flemish dramatist on whom he wrote an essay in 1917.

Volker's lapses are hard to explain. Some are critical, some biographical; none is predictable. The playwright never was less than alert to texts and practices he could steal. "Who's the play by?" "Brecht." "Then who's the play by?" Volker says this was current in Brecht's early Berlin days. Why doesn't he also tell of Claudel? As John Willett notes in his *Theatre of Bertolt Brecht*, Claudel was conspicuous in the 1920s for exhaling the Japanese aura and for his play-film *Christophe Colombe*. He was a rich source for Brecht. For Volker he doesn't exist. Altogether Volker is spotty on modern writers and Brecht: strong on Wedekind, weak on Shaw, weaker on Pirandello. He understates Chaplin's importance, too, overlooking his direction of Harry Myers, the Millionaire in *City Lights*, of obvious relevance to Brecht's Puntila.

Volker has a feel for the factions in the German emigration to America during World War II, and he tries to explain the quarrel between Brecht and Thomas Mann. The issue between them came down at last, in 1943, to Mann's call for Germany's total defeat *versus* Brecht's insistence that there were still "significant democratic forces" in Germany that should be "helped to victory." A culmination was Brecht's poem "When Nobel Prize Winner Thomas Mann Granted to the Americans and the English the Right to Chastise the German People Ten Years Long for the Crimes of the Nazi Regime." Could the poem be worth a mention? Apparently not, to Volker. Also, the quarrel as impressively reflects a fault in Brecht's perception of the Nazi seizure of power, pinpointed by Adorno in his criticism of *Arturo Ui* (in *Minima Moralia*) for showing it "as the machinations of rackets outside society, not as the coming-to-itself of society as such." Neither is this discussed.

Volker does give an interesting picture of the poet's Augsburg boyhood, with its large population of close male friends, many lasting long into adult life; and of his Munich period, with reference to *Baal* and *In the Jungle of the Cities*. But instead of active compassion or intelligence at work, with Volker it's mostly efficient detail. And is the picture new? Equally scholarly, more succinct are introductions by Eric Bentley to *The Jungle of the Cities and Other Plays* (Grove), and by Willett and Ralph Mannheim to Volume One of Brecht's *Collected Plays* (Anchor). Volker's own *Brecht Chronicle* is more evocative: better, indeed, in most respects. Volker also gives the identities of various of Brecht's mistresses and girlfriends, as well as of the mother of Frank, born in 1918, the poet's first child. However, this leads to a shocking lapse. Frank Brecht was killed on the Eastern Front in 1943; he was a German soldier. Was Brecht affected? When did he learn? Why doesn't Volker say?

Further, though not Volker's fault of course, but compounding our disappointment, the book is physically ugly: the type is harsh, the photos are fuzzy. (One, of Brecht and Frisch, is miscaptioned.) The editing is sloppy. The House Committee chairman addresses, not Majority Counsel, but the "examining judge"; Anglicisms like "gaol" abound. And then, oh, my God! the translation. ". . . his place was in Augsburg at his father's side, who was director of a large paper mill there." And, "After she had been his mistress for sixteen months, the poet paid tribute to her in a psalm to celebrate her 'discharge.' "

Contest For New Poets

"Discovery—THE NATION, '79" has been opened jointly by The Poetry Center of the 92nd Street YM-YWHA in New York City and THE NATION. The competition, now in its fifth year, represents a fusion of The Poetry Center's "Discovery" contest and THE NATION's poetry prize. It is designed to attract larger audiences for young poets through the combined media of publication and poetry recital.

WINNERS of the 1978 contest were Tom Absher, Jane Miller, Mark Rubin and Sherod Santos. They gave a group reading at The Poetry Center on May 8, and had their poems published in THE NATION on May 13, 1978.

Contest Information

OPEN to poets whose work has NOT yet been published in book form. Book form includes chapbooks and self-published books.

REQUIREMENTS; Ten poems (not more than 500 lines) of original poetry in English are to be submitted.

THE AWARDS: Each of the four winners will receive an honorarium of $50 and will be invited to read at The Poetry Center on Monday, May 21, 1979. Each winner will have one poem, which has never been published, printed in THE NATION magazine.

MANUSCRIPT DETAILS: Submit four complete sets of the ten poems, each set securely fastened. Your name, biographical information and information indicating whether a particular poem has been published should NOT appear on the poems. Instead, a SEPARATE cover page should include your name, address and phone number. *Manuscripts will not be returned, so please retain a copy of your submission.* THE NATION reserves the right to publish at its regular rates any previously unpublished poems submitted by the four winners.

JUDGING will take place in April; winners will be chosen by judges whose names will be announced after the contest is over.

DEADLINE for receipt of poems: February 27, 1979.

SEND ALL ENTRIES TO; The Poetry Center, 92nd Street YM-YWHA, 1395 Lexington Avenue, New York, New York 10028. Direct inquiries to Mary Lisa Burns, Assistant to the Director, The Poetry Center.

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Sen. George McGovern, Joseph Papp,
Sen. William Proxmire, Gail Sheehy,
I.F. Stone, Tom Wicker **read it.**

Cesar Chavez, Ramsey Clark, Fred Cook,
Harold Clurman, E.L. Doctorow,
Jules Feiffer, Frances FitzGerald,
John Kenneth Galbraith, Ralph Nader,
Marcel Ophuls, Octavio Paz,
Nora Sayre, Studs Terkel,
Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. **write it.**

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Yet the book has a positive value. It elucidates the importance of three of Brecht's collaborators. No other study has done this so emphatically. It carries a dedication, "To Elisabeth Hauptmann in grateful memory." It strives as well to do justice to Margarete Steffin and Ruth Berlau. Each was vital to more than one play, including *The Threepenny Opera, The Exception and the Rule, Galileo, The Good Person of Setzuan* and *The Caucasian Chalk Circle.* Hauptmann already is recognized, having introduced Brecht to John Gay's *Beggar's Opera*, the model for his most famous work, but, as Volker shows, her importance went far, very far beyond that. It was more conscientious than practical: near-talismanic, in fact. Likewise with Steffin and Berlau. Each was a Muse; each, a station on his Sacred Way. Each was a lover; Berlau bore his child. Each lived at home with the Brechts. How maddening never to learn from the book what Weigel thought of *that*. So much for "efficient" detail.

A final remark. There is a chapter entitled "The Realism Debate" on Georg Lukacs and Brecht. It adds little to the discussion in Eagleton's *Marxism and Literary Criticism.* Innocent readers of Brecht will find here that "depressing air of sterility, and helplessness" which, toward the end of the third volume of *Main Currents in Marxism,* Kolakowski observes is general in modern, nonhistorical Marxist writing. Still, the dispute conveniently shows Brecht's edge in doctrinal argument, the same edge he had as a schoolboy. This advantage derives from *play* (in the senses of *show, trying out, pretend, not serious, freedom,* and *fun*) which to have its effect needs authority of a strong extrinsic kind. These words to Walter Benjamin (from "Conversations with Brecht") echo Moliere in *The Impromptu at Versailles*; they are like a "defense" of the English stage from the late 17th century. But only with Brecht, I think, do we see so affecting an *apologia* opposed to a consciously chosen set of political beliefs.

> I often think of a tribunal before which I am being questioned. "What was that? Do you mean that seriously?" I would then have to admit: Not quite seriously. After all I think too much about artistic matters, about what would go well on the stage, to be quite serious; but when I have answered this important question in the negative, I will add a still more important affirmation: that my conduct is *legitimate.*

The emphasis is Brecht's. □

The Military History of a New York Rag

NAT HENTOFF

THE GREAT AMERICAN NEWSPAPER: The Rise and Fall of *The Village Voice. By Kevin McAuliffe. Charles Scribner's Sons. 486 pp. $14.95.*

Shortly after his inauguration in 1978, the Mayor of New York City was grumbling to reporters about *The Village Voice* (which had ferociously opposed his candidacy because Edward Koch had run on the principle that restoring the death penalty would greatly increase the city's spiritual capital). "This is a new *Voice*," the Mayor said of the weekly, "the bad *Voice*." Was that intended as an attack on Rupert Murdoch, the insatiable Australian who had bought the *Voice* in a package deal a year before?

"No," the Mayor snapped. "Murdoch has nothing to do with the *Voice*. The writers run the *Voice*."

Though Koch's appraisal was hardly intended as a tribute, most writers, in any line of journalism, would take it as such. And wonder how it came to be. For most newspapers and magazines are run by editors, often by committees of editors, with whom the writer is in a chronic, wearying adversary relationship. Unless he is broken, and takes to drink or public relations.

Since the *Voice* has indeed been "a writers' paper" for much of its twenty-three years, a history of this redistribution of editorial power might have been instructive, and even entertaining, to students of journalism and to those sizable numbers of amateur newspaper buffs (for whom, by the way, there is now not one urbane journalism review in the land). Though the paper is not as scruffily unpredictable as it once was, and though it is almost wholly bereft of its onetime remorseless civil wars among its writers—which gave the spinning reader four or five different views on the same inflammatory issue—there is enough spirit left to have led the fearsome Rupert Murdoch to stop reading the paper, according to associates. ("They're a bunch of looni down there," the orderly collector h said.)

In *The Great American Newspape* Kevin McAuliffe, a former freelance and journalism professor, has attemp ed the first full-scale exploration of th *Voice* and its times (the latter perfun torily done through occasional snippe of what was happening politically an culturally in the city and nation a large). The primary focus is on perso alities—the founders, the writers an editors (yes, there were editors, but fo a long time, very few); and, in this dec ade, the buyers and sellers of the pape (Carter Burden, Clay Felker and, onl in the shadows, Rupert Murdoch).

Largely absent from McAuliffe' chronicle, however, are those article and columns which would give th reader a clearer sense of why the pape meant enough to anybody to cause al the internal strife and to attract a circu lation of 150,000 by the early 1970s: th once marvelously idiosyncratic scope for instance, of the outside contributor to "Press of Freedom"—ardent polemi cists and ruminators who would have been printed hardly anywhere else and who were bound only by their fiendish joy in dissecting the regular writers the coverage from *inside* the peace movement, all factions; the sometimes nutty but revealing ramblings around the Village, when the *Voice* was still a Village paper.

McAuliffe does, to be sure, include *Voice* excerpts, and some do reveal the multifarious obsessions of the regular writers; but much of the culling is designed to italicize his judgment of a particular writer's character. This is a book about morality. The paper's journalism, good and bad, is less important to McAuliffe than the degree to which each combatant, at all stages in the wars of the *Voice*, remained loyal in all things to the paper's creator, Dan Wolf. Indeed, it is as if Wolf were a dybbuk lodged inside McAuliffe and writing his version of history through this pliant vessel.

Nat Hentoff, a Voice *columnist, also writes regularly for* The Nation, Inquiry *and the* Chronicle of Higher Education, *among other publications.*

For a book entitled *Radical Humor: An Anthology,* Tuli Kupferberg and Michael Brown are soliciting suggestions and examples of radical (and anti-establishment) jokes, cartoons, aphorisms, "quips," quotations, songs, poems, essays, stories, skits and plays etc., etc. of all countries and periods.

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What appears to have happened—nd many journalists, including this ne, have become similarly infatuated /hile on stories—is that McAuliffe ound Wolf so engaging, as the founder urely is, that he simply absorbed Volf's views of all events. It doesn't natter much, because whatever dura-)le value the *Voice* has will be based on vhat was printed in it, and not on office squabbles. However, McAuliffe's total dentification with Wolf does make this ı flawed history because—from what I know of the *Voice* since I came there in 1958—it didn't all happen that way. For instance, press critic Alexander Cockburn is disdainfully characterized as "Always Looking Out for Number One." It was Cockburn, however, dur-ng the successful 1977 drive to bring :he first union into the *Voice*, who was one of the organizing mainstays, not a very clever way of ingratiating oneself with management. And Cockburn, in the paper, has persistently skewered the very folks who pay his salary.

There are other unjustly rebuked and scorned figures in the book, but since they are writers, they'll get back one way or another. These injustices are not something a reviewer could know about unless he had been there, which is why I write about the book though I'm in it. (I am not one of the rebuked and scorned, however, though not sufficiently beatified.)

If the historical details are unreliable, and if too much of the focus is on undeniably vicious family infighting rather than on what was in the paper, does the book have any value? The first half, particularly the sections on the early years of the *Voice*, does work. Before the staff grew, before there was any money to fight over, all that mattered in Dan Wolf's head, and therefore in this narrative, was to keep the paper alive. But only by his standards. And he was one of the few truly great editors of his time—on a par, in his way, with William Shawn of *The New Yorker*. With an extraordinarily wide range of interests, Wolf could work with any writer's obsession. And the key to his skill was, as used to be said around the paper, "He edited people not copy."

Wolf *knew* his writers, knew when to prod them, when not to, and when to tell them to get out of town to learn something new. Himself a most devout skeptic, he also kept his writers, as often as he could, from being cozened by what was going on out there. It was a writer's paper, all right, but few who had to deal with Wolf's amused queries about an overwrought story wanted to make schmucks of themselves. Nevertheless, if the writer insisted on the piece as it was, Wolf usually printed it. As McAuliffe says, "Dan Wolf wanted his writers to write what they wanted, not what they thought *he* wanted."

He also knew how to pick writers for his kind of paper. Often, they'd had no journalism experience but something they sent in made Wolf feel they were worth his time. And although he had his own strong feelings on certain issues, Wolf hated the notion that the *Voice* would ever be seen to have some kind of "line." And so, while he was there, no one could tell what the *paper* thought about any given issue, just what a lot of clashing writers thought.

If Wolf had been taken for granted in his last years at the paper (after he had sold it but had not yet been fired by the next buyer, Clay Felker), he was deeply mourned when he'd gone. Felker, starting in 1974, transmogrified the *Voice*. Editors, squadrons of editors, were now in charge, thinking up ideas for writers, twisting writers to fit those ideas, and otherwise making the paper a trendy enterprise that became so offen-

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sive it lost the *Voice* many of its vintage readers.

Although the paper has largely recovered from the Felker blight, once in a while something happens that is also a parody of what Dan Wolf had in mind when he started the *Voice*. In June 1978, for instance, there were two reports on President Carter's jazz festival on the South Lawn of the White House. The front-page picture was an utterly bland tourists' view of the President and his wife. What *should* have been the front-page picture—Carter with fiercely avant-garde jazz pianist, Cecil Taylor, whom the enthusiastic President had pursued into a clump of trees to congratulate—was deep inside.

One of the editors, it turned out, had argued long and successfully with the chief editor that it was "wrong" to put a picture of Carter in congenial pose with a black on the front page because such placement might appear to justify the Administration's African policies. I have never seen Dan Wolf laugh out loud, but he might have roared at that one.

According to McAuliffe, the "magic and the glory" are gone forever from the *Voice*. Well, that's what they once said about *The Nation*. The sanction on Cecil Taylor for unwitting help to apartheid notwithstanding, the *Voice* still covers certain stories no one else does, and it remains more of a writers' paper than almost any other. The new editor, David Schneiderman, formerly of *The New York Times*, says he intends to keep it a writers' paper and to revive the tradition of writers battling in its pages. So the "Fall" of the *Voice*, in the subtitle of McAuliffe's book, could be prematurely intoned.

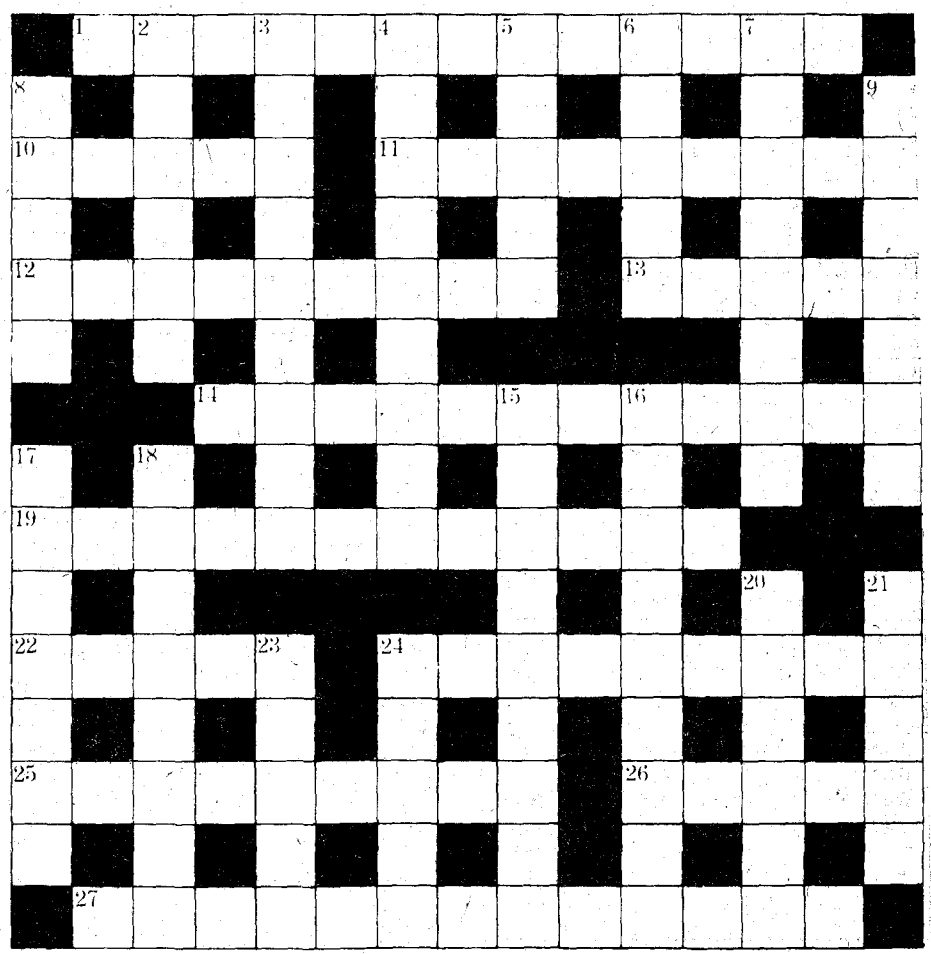
Meanwhile, McAuliffe himself is not immune from *Voice* journalism. In the October 30, 1978 issue, Joe Conason noted in his "Runnin' Scared" column that "the second most powerful man in the Koch administration is Daniel Wolf, former editor of this paper" and that it appears likely that Wolf had something to do with the hiring of one Kevin McAuliffe to "an $18,000 job writing press releases from City Hall." Conason then briefly and pungently refers to McAuliffe's history of the *Voice*, concluding:

"But the best part of the book is McAuliffe's own biography, beneath his jacket photo. His occupations are listed as teacher, writer, actor, etc. Excluded is his latest position as Koch copywriter."

Its warring spirit, as Kevin McAuliffe might agree, has not entirely left the paper. □

Crossword Puzzle No. 1757

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Suggests the investigation of ancient tombs, its chamber being traditionally black. (One might try to uncover the writing with it.) (13)
10 You'll find a large number in some, being the flower of battle. (5)
11 They make up an order of monkeys. (Sort of turn in between headgear and parts of the face.) (9)
12 A song about different times in the plant. (9)
13 Follow a line for just a little bit. (5)
14 Uncompromising form of rating sent in. (12)
19 Are they lifted with such music as "Libiamo, libiamo"? (5,7)
22 Old clothes suggest why we go to service stations. (5)
24 Extraneous addition—a number concerning something done about it. (9)
25 Your drinks are not necessarily paid for by the city this way, if you are. (2,3,4)
26 Quick drink with the quartet inside. (5)
27 One who puts the type in something we can read, the dog! (7,6)

DOWN

2 and 17 Concerning dust regulation? (That's the way some people handle TV!) (6,7)
3 I shouldn't like to have it when I am unopen, possibly. (9)
4 Describing an old title or holding of Lancaster, perhaps. (9)
5 You can't say you couldn't read it on a bet! (At least the first letter!) (5)
6 Why, by the sound of it, a number of Germans sail. (5)
7 Closely followed the limit, a tedious part of it at least. (8)
8 Far Eastern, perhaps, like Mr. Fleming. (5)
9 Ways of looking at things, etc., in disorder with snakes around. (7)
15 One way to smell out ice cream, being the first of certain things launched. (4-5)
16 Proving an outgrowth of eglantine isn't very nice. (9)
17 See 2 down
18 Increase the intensity with eight engaged, but only partly. (8)
20 What traditional conquerors perhaps did first. (6)
21 Judge from the evidence to be finer, possibly. (5)
23 She will shortly be surrounding a yet-to-be-seen peeper. (5)
24 A most awful way of getting what scientists work hard to smash. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1756

ACROSS: 1 *Hydrogen bomb*; 9 *Floodgates*; 10 Shun; 11 Costlier; 12 Affair; 13 Jaded; 15 Legality; 16 Jurassic; 19 Treat; 21 Editor; 22 Cast iron; 24 Aced; 25 Dithyrambs; 26 Potters wheel. DOWN: 2 Yellow jaundice; 3 Roosted; 4 Gigli; 5 Natural; 6 Onslaught; 7 Bashful; 8 *Run into trouble*; 14 Discredit; 17 Acted up; 18 Cocotte; 20 Epitaph; 23 Styes.

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PERSONALS

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS gets cultured, single, widowed or divorced persons acquainted. Est. 1970. Nationwide. Write Box AE, Swarthmore, PA 19081.

QUIET WOMAN, 40s, animal lover, seeks friendship with man of similar gentle qualities. Enjoy poetry, anthropology, and naif art. Non-smoker. Reply Nation Box 121.

Lawyer, mid-thirties, looking for a level-headed woman with MA. Reply, Nation Box 13.

WIDOW, 60, N. SMOKER, N. Drinker, Fin. Secure, wants to share her home, garden, car, etc. with Fin. Secure Gentleman. P.O. Box 6027, S.L.C. Utah 84106.

MISCELLANEOUS

APHORISM BUFFS: Join The Aphorism Society, Box 240, Rockport, MA 01966. No dues.

CASSETTE TAPE FEATURES: RALPH NADER, American Indians, Feminism, Busing, Nuclear Energy, Drugs, Police Spying, The CIA, Food Co-ops. Tapes: $4.95 Impact Tapes, Box 2278, Inglewood, Cal. 90305.

HOW TO START that diesel engine in cold weather. Information; Deisel Start, P.O. Box 2079, Michigan City, Ind. 46360.

PUBLIC ACCESS TO THE AIRWAVES

Earlier in The Nation former FCC Commissioner Nicholas Johnson debated the Van Deerlin Bill. For more information write Nicholas Johnson at the National Citizens Communications Lobby. 1028 Conn. Ave., Washington DC 20036.

DEEP THROAT WANTED: Anybody with information on the tobacco companies' efforts to gear up for the inevitable legalization of marijuana. Call 212-781-8214 after 9 p.m. All information will be held in strict confidence.

THE VOYAGE OUT. I'm looking for either the 1920 Harcourt, Brace edition or the Hogarth Press edition of this Virginia Woolf novel. If you have any info, please write Nation, Box 74. Price negotiable.

ADOPT A PET THIS WEEK: Free spaying; free shots. Visit our lovely shelter. (Non-profit—contributions tax-deductible); open every day, including Sat. and Sun. til 9 pm. North Shore Animal League, South St., Port Washington, L.I. 516/883-7575—only 5 mins. from Exit 36, L.I. Expressway.

HAVE A MAGICIAN at your next part. Perfect for children. Shows range anywhere from 35 minutes to 1 hour Reasonable rates. Nation Box 17.

LOST AND FOUND

WHERE CAN IT BE? VOLUME 133 of The Nation (Jan. 1-June 31, 1922) is missing from The Nation's library. Anyone willing to give or sell this volume to us please contact Karen Wilcox at The Nation. 212-242-8400.

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- DSOC members helped found the DEMOCRACY '76 project to include progressive proposals in the Democratic Party's 1976 platform — and launched the DEMOCRATIC AGENDA project to hold the Carter Administration and the Democratic Congress accountable to the platform.
- DSOC members, including rank-and-file union members, have participated in the struggles for labor law reform and for organizing J. P. Stevens workers and have helped win union organizing campaigns including state clerical employees in Illinois, hospital workers in New York, and clothing workers in New England.
- DSOC members have worked with groups like the Exploratory Project for Economic Alternatives, and the Conference on Alternative State and Local Public Policies, to analyze the problems of unfair taxes, soaring energy prices, deteriorating cities and to draft proposals for basic economic change.
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